ERRATA.

ITal. Song *line* 10. *read* periglioſo. *l.* 15. *r.* pauroſo. *l.* 16. *r.* potè Sforzò. *page* 2. *l.* 6. *r.* brothers *and* companions. *p.* 15. *l.* 15. *r.* at T. *p.* 22. *l.* 21. *r.* to her reſt. *p.* 27. *l.* 10. *r.* oft. *p.* 44. *l.* 18. *for* was, *r.* is. *p.* 45. *l.* 9. *after* you *put*, *l.* 10. *after* Nobility *put a full point*. *p.* 56. *l.* 1. *del.* to. *p.* 59. *l.* 1, 2. *r.* publiſh'd. *p.* 60. *l.* 21. *r.* comforted. *p.* 83. *l.* 26. *for* covered, *r.* carved. *p.* 96. *l.* 15. *r.* their. *p.* 99. *l.* 9. *r.* Trumpets. *l.* 23. *after.* Armour. *del.*; *p.* 100. *l.* 14. *r.* bath'd. *p.* 112. *l.* 19. *after* faſhion *put*, *p.* 118. *l.* 9. *r.* Kings. *p.* 124. *l.* 17. *r.* had happy. *p.* 128. *l.* 8. *r.* Kings. *p.* 130. *l.* 13. *for* Son, *r.* Sun. *p.* 135. *l.* 19. *r.* ſo to. *p.* 140. *l.* 6. *after* Ornaments. *put*, *and after* Votes *put a full point*. *p.* 148. *l.* 8. *for* he, *r.* they. *p.* 154. *l.* 9. *for* Sharp, *r.* Smart. *p.* 155. *l.* 4. *del.* 2^{d}. *and p.* 158. *l.* 1. *r.* and gave. *p.* 161. *l.* 3. *r.* in the mean. *p.* 171. *l.* 3. *r.* riſ. *p.* 173. *l.* 22. *r.* and. *p.* 179. *l.* 21. *r.* him to. *p.* 180. *l.* 5. *del.*; *p.* 190. *l.* 3. *after* land *put a full point*. *p.* 195. *l.* 8. *for* would, *r.* will. *p.* 209. *l.* 22. *after* weeping *del.*; *p.* 209. *l.* 20. *del.* Service. *p.* 213. *l.* 25. *del.* 1st. *have p.* 216. *l.* 17. *r.* you.

THE HISTORY OF OLIVAIRES of *Castile*, AND ARTHUR of *Dalgarve*.

Translated out of the Spanish *into the* Italian *Tongue, by* Francesco Portonari: *And from the* Italian *made* English.

By *Mark Micklethwait*, M.A.

LICENS'D, *Feb.* 1. 169$\frac{4}{5}$.

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A LETTER OF Francesco Portonari,

Relating to the Ensuing BOOK.

To the most Noble Lord *S. Odoardo Gomez*, my ever Honoured Lord.

MANY *years ago two Writers, searching into Ancient Histories, made choice of two Noble Cavaliers, and their Deeds, on that Subject, to compose a small Manual. Some time after which a Chronicler of* France, *for the satisfaction of a Friend (who begged of him that he would give him to read some War-*

like Exploits, and Amorous Intrigues and Adventures) tranſlated this Story of Olivaires of Caſtile, and Arthur of Dalgarve, from the Original Latine into his own Native Language the French: And as all better Writ Books are wont, it generally took: Wherefore diſperſing all over, it got alſo into Spain, and was received as a Choice and Delicate Novel. So from the French Tongue it was taught to ſpeak the Caſtilian, and that moſt elegantly; and there obtain'd withal additional Bulk, by many new, fine, and curious things inſerted. And for as much as we who breathe Italian Air, have therewith ſuck'd in from our Infancy a natural inclination to ſuch ſort of ſmooth and ſhining Compoſures of

whatever Climate; I did, for the pleasure of those who are most delighted with them, undertake the Task to turn this into the Stile of Tuscany: *And with the light of such kind Stars I writ, that, by reason of an Ancient Original of a Third Edition which came, though with difficulty, to my hands, I had opportunity of a thorow view, whence such Adventures, and Exploits, and Amours, were extracted, and well enough discern'd, how those Excellent Writers had separated the best and faireſt of the History. From that Old Story then, from the* Latine, *the* French, *and the* Spanish, *I also have deduced, and compiled, and so methodiz'd this Work, that it appears to me (without flattering my self, or it) to equal, if not excel all the other. Wherefore*

knowing Your Lordship has oft read over the Spanish *Original of Mine, I the willinger present this to Your view, which has more of the Truth, according to the Relation of the History, and less of the Additional Lyes and Fictions that Transcribers have mix'd therewith. I shall be highly proud if Your Lordship's Incomparable Judgment can give Approbation to what I have done; and my Self, and Service, do I intirely dedicate to Your Lordship's Acceptance and Favour.*

From *Venice*, *March* 3. 1552.

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most humbly devoted Servant,

Francesco Portonari.

Sonetto di Boscan,

In Lingua Spagnola.

PAssando el mar Leandro è l'animoso
An amoroso fuego todo ardiendo
Esforço el viento y fuesse embraveciendo
El aqua, con un impetu furioso

Vencido del trabaio presuroso
Contrastar à las ondas no pudiendo
Y mas del bieu que alli perdia muriendo,
Che de la propria vida pauroso

Como pudo Esforço su boz cousada
Valas oudas ablo desta manera
Mas nunca fue su boz dellas oyda

Ondas pues no se escusa que yo muera
Dexadme allallegar y alla fornada
Vuestro furor executa eu mi vida.

SONETTO DI BOSCAN,
Tradotto in Lingua Toscana.

PAssando il mar Leandro corraggioso
In amoroso fuoco tutto ardendo
Fe forza al vento, & se n'ando rompendo
Quell' onde con uno impetu orgoglioso :

Ma vinto dal travaglio penglioso,
A l'acqua contrastar piu non potendo :
Et piu del ben, ch'iui perdea morendo,
Che de la propria vita panroso ;

Come potesforzo sua voce irata :
Et con l'acque parlò di tal maniera ;
Ne mai da lor fu sua favella udita :

Acque, poi non si puo farch'io non pera,
Lasciatemi arrivar, è à la tornata
Vostro furor s'appaghe di mia vita.

When

WHen the Gallant Leander Swam the Main;
Whose Waters cou'd not cool his ardent Love;
He made the Winds to spend their spight in vain,
And curling Waves did bravely from him shove.

But when at length it him had conquer'd now,
Who cou'd not with its fury further strife
Maintain, for that he must his bliss forgo;
He much more grieved than for loss of Life.

Then the despairing Lover silence brake,
And to the Billows thus did parly make;
Nor was e're after by them heard to speak.

You Waters since I see I perish must,
Only give leave t' Embrace my Mistress First,
And at return against me do your worst.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE Noble CAVALIERS, &c.

CHAP. I.

The Birth of Olivaires, *and of the Death of his Mother.*

ACcording as my Abilities will permit, and as an Inclination natural unto me for high and noble Deeds of Great and Valorous Knights, whom Fame deservedly transmits to far Posterity, shall give us Assistance, my purpose is to make a Relation of uncommon and marvellous Exploits; to the end that by hearing such honourable Feats done

done of others, brave Souls may the eagerlier be incited to an impetuous thirſt after the acquiſt of Glory; and ſtill the more ſo, when particularly they take for their Mirrour and Pattern the Two Valiant Brothers, for Arms ſo famous; from whom our preſent Story has its origin, and by the favour of him, upon whom all Conduct depends, ſhall have its ſucceſsful period.

I am informed by Hiſtory, That after the Valiant Emperour *Charlemain*, King of *France*, returned from *Spain* into his own Kingdom, within a ſhort while Heaven put an end to his days; at which time a Prince rul'd in *Caſtile*, who for his excellent Virtues, and winning Behaviour, both of his Nobles and Commonalty was much Beloved and Rever'd. He Married the King of *Galitia*'s Daughter, a Virtuous and Beautiful Lady. But having no Iſſue by her, this made her very Melancholy; and the whole Kingdom

Kingdom was much Diſcontented; ſeeing one Realm remain deſtitute of an Heir, and other deprived of their Lawful Sovereign; which muſt needs in time produce many Troubles, Diſorders, and Wars. The Queen therefore hearing oft of theſe things, and by ſome words which fell from the King, perceiving that he was much diſſatisfi'd, made her Application by Prayer unto God; who never fails thoſe who rightly put confidence in him: And beginning with Alms, Endowing of Orphan Maids, Redemption of Slaves, and other good Chriſtian offices; ſhe implor'd Mercy and Favour of our Lord, and his Virgin Mother, intreating them to grant her a Son, for the preſervation of the Kingdom. And for that her requeſt was equitable, and her Prayers iſſued from a ſincere heart, it pleaſed God in pity to hear their Cry; and ſhe conceived and brought forth a moſt beautiful Boy; which cauſed great Exultation, Triumph, and Feſtivity throughout the whole

whole Kingdom. But ſhe had not lived four days, when 'twas the Will of the Almighty that ſhe ſhould render up her devout Soul unto him that gave it; which cauſed a Lamentation as general, as had been the Joy. But the King was the principal Mourner; who bore an extream affection to her, knowing ſo well her Beauty, Prudence, Chaſtity, Compaſſionateneſs unto men, Piety towards God, and how in all things to his will and pleaſure ſhe was conform and agreeable.

CHAP. II.

Of the Baptiſm of Olivaires, *and the Obſequies of the Queen his Mother; and ſome procedures toward the King's Marrying again for the Kingdoms Welfare.*

AFter all things were prepared for the Funeral, they carried the deceaſed Queen to her Burial; and it was

was ordered that her Child ſhould at the ſame time be brought to his Baptiſm ; ſo both were in the Church together. The Queen was lamented with floods of Tears, and the young Infant was Baptized with fitting Solemnities, and to him they gave the Name of *Olivaires*. As ſoon as the Funeral and Baptiſm were over, the King returned to his Palace, and every one to their own homes. This ſo ſudden Death cauſed the King extremely to lament ; and ſo infinite was his ſorrow, that his Life begun to be much deſpaired of. Wherefore his Nobles uſed all endeavours to divert his Melancholy by whatever they conceived might be moſt likely to give him any pleaſing Entertainment: And for this end, among others, they brought unto him his little Son *Olivaires* ; whom taking and Embracing in his Arms, with heavy Sighs he mixed theſe Words, bearing a kind of delight even in their dolorouſneſs; O my little

tle Son! all my remaining Comfort, and the Crown of my Kingdom; thy Birth hath raiſed me to Heaven, and ſunk me to Hell; for by giving me an Heir, it has liſted me up on high; but by robbing me of my Queen, it has caſt me down as low again. And addreſſing himſelf unto God, he begged of him that he would aſſume into Heaven the Mother's happy Soul: And on the little Babe (looking in his Face, ſaid he) may it pleaſe him to beſtow ſuch Grace, that thou mayeſt live in conſtant Obedience to all his Holy Commandments. After this manner the Afflicted King ſpent his time day by day, and would receive no Conſolation. Therefore the chief Lords of his Court ſeeing his Griefs rather increaſe than abate, met together in private to conſult which might be the beſt means to bring their Sovereign out of his heavy Melancholy; for that if he perſiſted in this condition, he muſt of neceſſity very ſhortly put an end to his days, which would

prove

prove a grand publick detriment; and therefore they concluded on what would be every way better than that he ſhould do ſo, *viz.* the Matching him with Queen *Dalgarve*, *Dowager*; agreeable enough for years, Fair and of good and gentle Diſpoſition; wherefore if he were ſo inclin'd, it might turn to good effect: So they were determined to make the Propoſal to him. Coming then into his preſence, and having firſt paid thoſe reſpects due to Sovereignty, they communicated unto him the iſſue of their Conſultation, ſhewing him what good would follow, and how much to their own, and the general ſatisfaction and advantage his Marrying would be; and particularly diſplayed before him the excellent Qualities, and rare Virtues of Queen *Dalgarve*; ſo that this Match (as was ſaid before) would be fortunate and happy for himſelf, content to them, and cauſe the publick rejoycing of the whole Kingdom. The King giving ear to them, and remaining

maining a little in ſuſpence, and conſidering withal the reaſonableneſs of the thing, and that it was his Subjects Affection to him that urged them ſo to ſpeak, returns them anſwer after this manner. My own Temper and Inclination for certain is not to marry any more, nor ever to know Woman again. Notwithſtanding, I ſhall declare unto you, that ſince in what you move, you ſeek the publick welfare, and yours, and mine, and do ſo tenderly and affectionately requeſt this of me, I am willing to forſake the Path I had with reſolution made choice of, and follow the duct of your Deſires and Counſels, and yield unto you to pitch upon what will be for the beſt, and may tend to your happineſs, the Kingdom's, and my own. When the Lords ſaw ſuch generoſity in their Prince, and had received ſo gracious an Anſwer from him, they were much pleaſed, and gave him infinite Thanks for ſuch Goodneſs. And now Honourable

nourable Ambaſſadors were quickly diſpatch'd away to make their Complements, to Queen *Dalgarve*, who upon their Arrival were entertain'd with great kindneſs and reſpect, although the Occaſion of their Embaſſy was not at all known. The next day they made their Aſcent into her Palace, where they delivered unto her the Mind and Inclinations of their King: And their Diſcourſe did not offend her Majeſty's Ear, and ſo by her Courtiers were honourably accompanied to their Apartments.

CHAP. III.

The Treaty about the Marriage of Queen Dalgarve *to the King of* Caſtile.

THE Day following, about Three, the Queen ſent to convene all the Grandees, Sages, and moſt Noble Barons of her Kingdom, with whom ſhe diſcourſed and declar'd

clar'd the King of *Caſtile*'s mind. And as for her Anſwer, and the whole Affair, ſhe referr'd it to them, yielding up her ſelf intirely to what they ſhould adviſe, and to their diſpoſal: That whether they thought it fit ſhe ſhould marry or no, ſhe would wholly be at their devoire, and moſt willingly comply with their Reſolutions. The matter being diſcuſs'd, they determin'd (to ſpeak in ſhort) that ſhe ſhould not reject the motion; telling her, That ſhe could not match into a nobler or better State, and that her Son *Arthur* was too young for Government. Thus they counſell'd her to accept of the King of *Caſtile* for her Husband. To which ſhe repli'd; I told you before, and now repeat it, That your pleaſure ſhall be mine. And therefore to you I leave it to form an Anſwer to the Ambaſſadors, in what manner you ſhall beſt approve of. After then they had returned the Queen thanks, Six Barons were appointed to go and inform the King's

Am-

Ambaſſadors their Pleaſure, and that it was alſo their Queen's, who had Authoriz'd them ſo to ſay; and theſe alſo told them, That they queſtioned not, but from ſuch an Auſpicious Conjunction, happy Effects, and univerſal good Influences and Advantages would proceed: So the Affinity was left to the Liberty of the King of *Caſtile*; for his Propoſal ſhe was not altogether averſe from. Go then, and tell your Maſter to order the Marriage as ſhall pleaſe him; and in this Point we only requeſt one Favour of him, That he would pleaſe to come himſelf for her (ſince all the Coaſts are clear and ſafe) for this will look more decent, and come alſo with as little Retinue and Pomp, as an Affair of that kind and quality may poſſibly allow.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Eſpouſals of the King of Caſtile, *and Queen* Dalgarve, *and how he conducted her into his Kingdom, with her little Son* Arthur.

THE Ambaſſadors having diſpatch'd their Buſineſs, and received noble Preſents from the Queen and Court, returned back to their own Country, where the King with great impatience was expecting them, and Anſwer: Who having heard it, and how ſhe was inclin'd, prepared for his Journey; and gave his Courtiers a Month's ſpace for fitting themſelves to attend him: And when that was expired, he, with his Court, departed, and in a little time finiſhed their Journey; and upon their arrival were received with great civility and reſpect, and then they ordered all things for the Marriage, which with great diſpatch was nobly conſummated. So they

they passed many days in feasting, and then prepared for a departure. The King could never have his Eye off *Arthur*, who bore so extream resemblance to his Son *Olivaires*, that many were mistaken in thinking him the same. After the Feasting was over, the King appointed his Deputy, to whom he committed the care of the Kingdom; and within few days returned with the Queen to his own Dominions, with her little Son *Arthur*, who was equally loved and caressed as *Olivaires*. Now when they were arrived at the Kingdom, and come to the City of their Residence, the Feastings were renewed with all expressions of Joy and Merriment; and the two young Sons immediately contracted extream affection and kindness one for the other, and were never asunder; who were so perfectly alike, that not any difference could be perceived, as we shall find in the sequel.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Olivaires *and* Arthur *were taught the Art of, and exerciſed in Arms, by a Valiant Cavalier, and had noble Diſcipline and Education.*

WHEN *Olivaires* and *Arthur* were come to years (which they arrived at ſooner than ordinary) that fitted them to bear Arms, they were by the King committed to the Education and management of a Noble and Valorous Knight, who inſtructed them in Virtue, and exerciſed them in Arms: So that as they advanced in ſtature, their love likewiſe to each other increaſed, and, as much as was poſſible, every way grew greater; inſomuch, that, beſides the tye of Alliance, they enter'd into an Obligation, That nothing but Death (if even that had a power to do it) ſhould ſeparate their Affection and Friendſhip: The ſight of which mutual kindneſs betwixt them

them cauſed wonderful ſatisfaction and joy in the Breaſts of the King and Queen, and of the whole Court, eſpecially as they beheld them diligent in accompliſhing themſelves in every laudable Acquirement. Nor did any ſhine with any ſort of Vertues and Excellencies, whoſe luſtre they did not tranſmit on themſelves by imitation, if not improve to a greater ſplendor, by exceeding and out-acting thoſe whom firſt they made their Examples: Whether theſe were intellectual or moral Indowments; or Feats of activity of Body, as the playing of Tennis, Dancing, Juſting, Throwing the Bar, Wreſtling, and ſuch like Exerciſes; in which they never came behind any, but often outſtript others. The King and Queen having obſerved, and being well aſſured of their Valour and Stoutheartedneſs, as well as Skill at Arms, had a mind to appoint a publick Turnament, and try them thereat, though but Youths: Wherefore they proclaimed a Feaſt, unto

which, at the day assigned, repaired many Knights and Barons from divers places, all of honourable Repute, and famous for Chivalry; many Scaffolds and Balconies were made about the Piazza, and Seats for the Judges well scituated for fair view, that they might justly bestow the Prize: In Eminent Stations were also made Triumphal Seats for the King and Queen: And now the appointed day being come, they took their Places, as also the Ladies and Nobility, to behold so brave and valorous Combat: Then the Trumpets begun to sound; at which appeared forth three Knights Errant, with their Targets of Scarlet, Sable, and Purple Colour; and having enter'd the Lists, they stood in expectation of any would come to oppose them: And combating courageously, they broke many Lances to their great honour, until *Olivaires* and *Arthur* shewed themselves in the Field: And now one of the Knights Errant had with a brisk push thrown

out

out of the Saddle, and caſt to the ground a Courtier, a very Valourous Knight, and ſtood ready in expectation of a New Combatant. The Valiant Young *Olivaires* ſeeing this, takes a Maſſy Lance, and turns his Horſe oppoſite to the ſtout Cavalier, who accepting the Challenge, runs full againſt *Olivaires*, and broke his Lance; but ſo great was the blow that he received from the Valiant Youth *Olivaires*, that it brought both himſelf and's Horſe to the ground: And when he had got another Lance, the ſecond Knight Errant comes againſt him in revenge of bis foil'd Companion; but with the touch of *Olivaires* Lance, the Knight tumbles back out of his Saddle, and in a woful condition lies ſtretched on the ground; and he traverſt about from place to place with ſuch air and Gallantry, that he ſeemed to be every-where in an inſtant. The like proof of his Valour made *Arthur* alſo. So that it was judged that theſe two Companions carried

away the Honour of that day. Going off then to reſt themſelves till the next, they returned to the Feaſt; and likewiſe on the following day, as on the firſt, they were much admired, and the Third bore the whole Applauſe away: And the Judges conferring together, gave judgment of their Valour; the two Brothers, above all the reſt, were extoll'd; yet to *Olivaires*, as the Principal Victor, the Prize was adjudged; then with many ſorts of Muſical Inſtruments they marched to the Palace, and there *Olivaires* ſpent ſome time in talk with the King and Queen, who alſo made him a Preſent; which much ſurprized the Valiant Knight, who ſeemed to himſelf not to have done any thing.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Queen is enamoured of her Son-in-Law Olivaires.

SO nobly those three days of the Tilting did *Olivaires* behave himself, that he got the favour and love of all; but chiefly of the Queen, who was wonderfully inamour'd of his Heroical Courage, and charmed with his Comely and Noble Aspect; which made her sit much revolving in her thoughts the Feats and Bravery of this Extraordinary Knight, and say within her self; O! under happy Stars was that Lady born, whose Beauty shall have the power to make *Olivaires* her glorious Captive; and, as she must be some divine Creature, so shall her Transports be more than humane; but sure I think that no Lady can look on this wonderful Youth, either with the Eye of Vertue, or the Sensitive one, but must immediately become and re-

main his Prisoner; insomuch, that from day to day no other than such kind of thoughts entertained the Queen; which produced in her heart a most violent and ardent Passion for him, that miserably afflicted her, and put her by both her necessary Food and rest: And now was the Day dedicated to St. *John*, come, which was celebrated with feasting both in the Court and City; on which the Queen gave order that various sorts of Musick should be brought into the great Hall of her Palace, and invited the Ladies and Court Gallants to a splendid Ball, who met together in all their fine Vestments, New Modes, and rich Dress, both to delight the Queen, and to shew their Affection to the Airy and Complaisant Laidies: But amongst them all the most Comely *Olivaires*, and the much to be admired *Arthur*, did so excel in boon Grace, fine Dress, all manner of behaviour and deportment, and every thing, that the rest neglected, the Ladies

unanimously had their Eyes ever upon these.

But the Queen's Heart above all was ravished with the Beauty of one of them, having for many days continuance nourished in her Breast a violent passion for *Olivaires*; so that incessantly fixing her Eyes on him, her Spirits to an excess became agitated and inflam'd; which presently caused a change in her Countenance, and a swimming in her Head, so that from her Royal Seat she fell down as dead on the ground; which as the Ladies beheld (though not suspecting the occasion) they hastily run to her, and snatching her up in their Arms, carried her into her Chamber: And now the Dancing and Merriment were at an end, and all the care was to bring the Queen out of her Swoon; who being at length recovered from it, dismist all that stood about her, and desired them to retire, and leave her alone, the better to take some repose; wherefore they every one went

to their own Apartments. Now after a little while, her Sons, *Arthur* and *Olivaires*, came to give her a Visit, and they were gladly received, by her shewing more kindness and affection to them than ever she had done before; embracing first one, and then the other, many times: And among her Caresses these words forced themselves out (spoken with much passionateness) toward *Olivaires*; You know you are looked upon with admiration above all men: Which words made the Valiant Youth *Olivaires* much to marvail what they meant; but for that he could not suddenly conceive whether they were to be interpreted into a good or dishoneſt sense, he shewed no concern, nor gave any Answer; and taking their leave, they left the Queen to rest with her Ladies.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Queen discovers her love to Olivaires, *and shews her Pain; and* Olivaires *returns her honourable Answer.*

MAny days passed in which *Olivaires* held not any Conference with the Queen, but directed by his good Genius, cautiously declin'd all; and spent his time with *Arthur* in the Exercises of Arms, and at Justing, and Turnament, and other valorous Feats and Enterprizes; at which the Queen contrived to be always a present Spectatress; which did not give any satisfaction to *Olivaires* mind: The King enjoy'd full content to have two such brave Cavaliers his Sons, and used to say he was the happiest Prince in the World; nor, for their sake, did stand in fear of any Enemy; and for so great a Blessing was continually praising and adoring his, and

the Universe's Soveraign: But Fortune, the Parent of Misery, and Enemy to Humane Content, quickly turned these Sweets into bitter: For the Queen being bewitched, and hurried by her Amorous Fancy, could take no rest; and the unhappy Creature, whose Inconsiderateness made her so, spent her time alone in her Chamber, sobbing, and uttering words of piteous complaint, and thus talking low to herself. *Olivaires*, the perfection of Created Nature! O my Star, O my Sun! O! whom I hoor'd up in my passionate Thoughts as my chiefest Treasure! For whom, perhaps, I am forced to do that which never Queen did before, being compelled by thy Beauty to cast off my Affections for the King, on whom in duty and reason they ought to be fixed, and place them on Thee, which is dishoneſt and unjust! O unhappy Queen! (said she then confounded with shame) who thus renderst thy self worthy of an Eternal Punishment. Such were the Expostulations and Arguings

guings with her self of this Miserable Lady, when at any time she found her self alone, and so her Love-fits came more violent upon her. One day *Arthur* and *Olivaires* went to give her a Visit, which she received extream kindly at them; and after a little while she took *Olivaires*'s Hand, much caressing it; which notwithstanding he looked on as no more than Expressions of a Maternal Affection: And entering into various Discourses, yet all relating to the disorder of her Love-sick Mind, her trembling Voice so falter'd, that she could scarce bring out her words; however, with some difficulty said, (sitting near to him;) *Olivaires*, was never Lady so happy as to triumph for having made a conquest over your Heart? Was you never inamour'd of any of the fair Sex, as you are pleas'd to complement us? Did you never, *Olivaires*, think Lady worthy of more than your ordinary Affection? I do assure you, Illustrious Queen, I am no Captive of *Cupid*'s

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(replied *Olivaires*) and your Majesty's self can witness for me, that I never hitherto have been observed to cast on Lady any Wanton Glances, or Amorous Eye: And I do assure your Majesty, that I do not intend to ingage in that Passion, till I have performed some Signal and Noble Actions, which then may incourage me to attempt also a conquest over some fair Ladies soft, though, perhaps, at the same time, obdurate Breast: And because I am conscious to my self of having done no Feats of that merit as yet; I fancy your Majesty is pleased to incite and spur me on (by thus questioning) to some difficult and honourable Exploits: And truly 'tis my Design, if so it shall please the Almighty, to give such proof of my Prowess and Valour, that both your Majesties will be infinitely satisfy'd and content with my Performances: These last words were like so many blazing Firebrands to inflame the Queen's heart, who laying hold on him, knowing otherwise he

was

was upon departure, ſet her ſelf to utter theſe words, which put her into great confuſion, as they came from her. But, tell me, if ſome Lady of high deſert ſhould chance to beſtow her love upon you, as one who well knew your Valour worthy to be rewarded with ſo rich a Prize, ſhould voluntarily, having regard to your youthful Modeſty, and that out of a moſt generous and deſerving Mind, offer her ſelf a fair Preſent unto you, could you then be ſo modeſt and timerous to refuſe a compliance with the lovely Suitreſs? For certain, Illuſtrious Queen, my Virtues, Accompliſhments and Graces, are not ſo potent to fetter Ladies after the rate you ſpeak of: But grant they were, and the bountiful Creator had conferr'd upon me ſuch, I truly ſhould look upon that Lady as very indiſcreet, and to act much out of want of wit, who ſhould throw her ſelf upon any Man, unſolicited, or, at leaſt, without having ſome Aſſurances of mutual Affe-

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ction from her beloved One: And such a passion I should reject, nor could ever entertain an hearty value for such a coming kind Creature. Thus he took leave of the Queen, as cautious against any bad thing; who (though not shewing it by her looks) remained discontented, and not less afflicted than inrag'd, both for *Olivaires*'s departure, and his cruel Answer, which in the least was not pleasing to her.

CHAP. VIII.

Olivaires begs of God to erace such a thought out of the Queen's heart; himself contriving a way to expel so vain a desire out of the breast of so great a Majesty.

OLIVAIRES desiring to take honourable leave of his Mother-in-law, the Queen, made signs to *Arthur*, and said, it was time now to accom-

company the Knights to the Field for the Turnament. Whereupon she in parting with his hands, squeez'd his fingers close; a certain secret token of Love: Which thing much afflicted the Valiant *Olivaires*; yet he kept it to himself, nor would suffer any change of Countenance to appear to *Arthur*, not to give him any occasion of wondering what might cause it. The Queen being left alone in her Chamber, returned to her former complaints, saying, O! *Olivaires*, the very center of my Soul, unto which all its motions tend, and whereon they all lean, yet cannot rest. I very well know that you are Master of much more Wit than is needful easily to make you discern what an Affection I have contracted for you; resolving with her self, the day following, to make, without reserve, an open declaration of it to him. He, on the other side, kept the thing deep in his mind, and contrived some way to cancel this vain hope out of the Lady's heart,

heart, propounding certain death to himself, rather than the least compliance of thought for so damnable a Wickedness: And turning his corporeal Eyes up to Heaven, and those of his mind to the Divine Author and Creator of it, he said; Thou Soveraign Lord, who hast formed me after thy own similitude, and bestowed those Graces and Favours upon me which I never was in a capacity to deserve; I beseech thee of thy Compassion, great Father, and Source of all, that thou wouldest deliver me from such spiritual destruction, and preserve, my Soveraign and Father, from so great dishonour, by eracing out of the mind of this Illustrious Lady these unrighteous Thoughts; and I shall ascribe nothing to my own Virtue, but freely and intirely all to thy Infinite Mercy and Goodness.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Olivaires *is courted by the Queen; and his Answer.*

Olivaires coming to the Palace the next Morning, that he might occasion no suspicion, according to his wonted custom, paid his humble Respects to the Queen, waiting the opportunity when many Ladies were in company together with her: But she laying aside both Fear and Honour, made towards *Olivaires*, and taking him by the hand, conducted him into her Chamber: And *Olivaires*, knowing this would tend more to his Father's advantage, suffered himself to be drawn aside; wherefore, they being alone, and sitting together, the Queen, after divers times having looked earnestly on him, said thus. Do you call to mind, Sir, our late Discourse? Truly, Madam, replied *Olivaires*, I remember nothing at all of it,

it, and am utterly ignorant of your meaning. Indeed you have, I muſt confeſs, a very ſhort memory, if ſo ſoon you can forget a Conference and Affair of ſo concerning import. Certainly you diſſemble to pretend ignorance of my torment; and your Eye may perceive it better than my words can expreſs it to your Ear. It much troubles me, Madam, that I can no better underſtand your Majeſty. Dear, Sir, (ſaid the Lady) know then, that I have a deſire to make my ſelf yours, and do give my heart unto you; and although before this hour you was Lord over me, and might have uſed your Slave as you had pleas'd; yet partly out of fear, and partly ſhame, I durſt not declare ſo much to you: And if now (being compell'd to reveal it by thoſe Ardors of love that intollerably inflame my heart and fancy) Fortune will be my Adverſary, and alſo your ſelf, in thinking me unworthy of your Affections, I will undoubtedly with theſe hands procure my

my own death. Wherefore, dear Sir, for me to dye, or to live, are either of them in your power. When these dishoneſt and harſh words grated on *Olivaires* Ear, they ſummon'd, and made ſtand an ocean of tears in his Eyes, which yet quickly were dried up by the heat of the bluſhes his modeſty forced into his Face. Wherefore, without ſhew of being troubled (hoping to draw her from ſo vile a thought) he ſaid; Madam, your Majeſty ſays that you love me, and deſire return of affection from me again. By my Loyalty, I love none better than my Soveraign Lord the King, and do desire to serve your Majeſty as a Mother, and to obey you in all things you ſhall command me, as far as my duty ſhall require; and every time that I do not execute the Commands of my King as a Father's, and your Majeſty's as a Mother's, I ſhall with hatred look upon my ſelf as one moſt unworthy to have been born into the World.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Queen's Parley with Olivaires, *and how she discharges him her presence.*

THen, all in a rage, and full of immoderate grief, the Queen turns to *Olivaires!* uttering these passionate words. O *Olivaires*, a Curse light on your Beauty, if 'tis it has made you so proud, and so inhumane a Creature: 'Tis high ingratitude this in you to despise the offer'd Affection of a Crowned Lady: Would you then that should perish by your Cruelty so mighty a Queen? Ah! see to whom I have trusted my greatest Secret, my Heart, and my Life! Shall I therefore of a Friend now become your Foe? In lieu of the Life which I give you, will you procure my death? It shall never be that he who seeks me mischief, shall go unrequited: and one discourtesie shall not fail to find return of another. God pardon

pardon thee the Evils which may follow upon thy Injuſtice; get thee hence out of my ſight, and never appear in my preſence more. For I ſhall not long be able to conceal my grief, ſo infinitely am I afflicted. *Olivaires* all amazed, roſe up, and withdrew, taking leave after his wonted reſpectful and humble manner. She remaining alone, and going into her Cloſet, begun ſo ſtrange a complaint and bewailing, as is impoſſible for Tongue to utter, or Pen in any meaſure to deſcribe. She thought the Torments of the damned were but Flea-bitings to what ſhe felt, and 10000 real Hells but painted Fire to her imaginary One. *Olivaires* then went to his Father; and a little after with his Brother *Arthur* to his own Lodgings. *Arthur* perceiv'd his Brother had ſome trouble upon him, and therefore demanded the occaſion: But he having no mind to declare it, told him, to conceal his grievance, that he found himſelf not very well; for which *Arthur*

thur was much afflicted, and ſtay'd with him till Evening, about the time they were wont to go to the Palace. Wherefore *Olivaires* ſaid to him; My dear Sir, and Brother, I deſire you would be pleaſed to go to Court, and, if you love me, ſhewing your ſelf very chearful, that the King and Queen may have no occaſion to enquire after my welfare: But, if they ſhall ask of me, tell them, that to morrow I will come to the Palace; for I would very gladly have them not to know any thing of my diſorder. *Arthur* perceived that *Olivaires* had a mind to be alone, and ſo left him after he had ſaid, Dear Brother, I have no mind at all to part from you: But, ſince 'tis your requeſt, I am content; and I ſhall diſcharge that which you have enjoin'd me. I deſire you to keep in a good mind, and act nothing to your prejudice: And embracing him, he kiſs'd him, giving him to underſtand his return would be ſlow, and that he ſhould not diſturb him for that night;

night; which words pierced *Olivaires* to the very heart, by reason of his resolv'd-on secret Design, which he was determin'd to put into act. So he left him with tears in his eyes, and broken words, which he had not power to utter perfectly; which *Arthur* mightily marvail'd at, knowing it must needs be some extraordinary chance, dolor, or cause, that could produce such heavy and dismal effects. But, to trouble him no further, he seemed to take no notice, and departed: But much otherwise had the sorrows and parting of them both been, had *Arthur* known what was to follow: But *Olivaires* at his going away was now the more pensive.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Olivaires *remaining alone in his Chamber, writes a Letter to his Brother* Arthur, *and leaves it with a Vial of Water, and prepares for departing the Kingdom.*

WHEN *Olivaires* saw himself alone, he began to think of the sad mishap had befall'n him; and, considering he could not follow his Friend, he curs'd his unfortunate Stars; and grieved that the Queen had conceiv'd such inormity in her mind; so of the two Evils, he elected that which, as appear'd to him, had the less danger in it. He saw for certain that the King would be extreamly troubled at his departure; but greater grief would it be to him, should he chance to have intelligence of the lewd importunity of his Consort: Nor ever went out of his thoughts what power an evil Woman might have

(tho

(tho he were guiltleſs) to bring him in as liable to the heavieſt puniſhment; and he choſe to purſue the paths of Vertue, and ſhun thoſe of Vice: Therefore calling to his Page, he ask'd for Ink and Paper to write, which were brought him; then ordering every one away, and that none ſhould come at him till he call'd, he bolted his Chamber-door; and throwing himſelf on the Bed, being overwhelmed with grief, he lamented his ill fortune, ſorrowing to leave his Country, Friends, Father, *Arthur*, and many other whoſe lov'd Idea's preſented themſelves to his mind; yet at laſt corroborates himſelf with ſaying, Tho fortune will not in this Realm, perhaps in another ſhe may ſmile on me; and ſo reſolves for flight, and to wean himſelf as much as poſſible of's moleſting Affections for all; and taking Pen in hand, he puts himſelf in a poſture to write a Letter to his Brother *Arthur* in theſe or the like words. Fortune, the Pro-

ſecutreſs of thoſe that excel, enemy to friendſhip, by her continual revolution of miſeries, is ever venting her malicious ſpight againſt thoſe ſhe ought not; and thoſe ſhe takes a fancy for, without any reſpected merit, ſhe often delights to ſet on the higheſt pinacle of her State; ſo that one day we are exalted, the next brought low; lately we ſwom in wealth, and now are reduced to neceſſity. Hence when Hiſtorians record and deſcribe our Virtues, they praiſe our Deeds as noble, and diſparage them as baſe, according as they think good. If then the great Lady Governeſs of theſe Accidents, and Hiſtory infringe the worth of ſuch grand Accompliſhments, what wonder is it, deareſt Brother, if ſhe thwart my Will, the which being diſturbed by various Caſualties, cauſes my departure. And let it not diſpleaſe you that I did not make you a partaker of my grief, nor gave the leaſt intimation to you of my going away. For conſidering the great

great mutual love betwixt us, I knew for certain you would either have accompanied, or detained me; which should not have been, for I am too much afflicted by ill fortune. I cannot communicate unto you an account of my Disaster, for I have oft endeavour'd to tell my case, but cannot get out my words, so imprisoned and fetter'd are they in my Breast: And for this cause, and that I would not give you so great trouble, I say, for that I am hinder'd, I keep the secret to my self; nor am I obliged to reveal it. Now whilst I write, reflecting on the sorrow I shall occasion among you, my heart does tear in pieces; wherefore I beseech you to pay my infinite respects to the King and Queen, and of both in my name beg pardon for my afflicting departure. I leave you, dear Sir, and Brother, a Vial of Water which is of rare virtue, on which by our near relationship let me oblige you to cast your eye once every day; and this you will gain to know, That

whenever the water is troubled, I am in ſome great extremity, and have extraordinary need of your aſſiſtance, and that will be in caſe of danger of life, or ſome evil equivalent: To what place I ſhall go, Province, or City, to make my abode, I cannot at all inform you, having wholly reſign'd my ſelf up to the conduct of Deſtiny. I give to you all the Services I can poſſibly pay you, and put up my Prayers unto God, the Infinite Potentate, that he would pleaſe to make you proſperous in all things, and elevate your mind to all virtuous and noble Enterprizes, and continually raiſe you more and more, nor ever ſuffer you to ſink from your high Station.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Olivaires *arriving at a Port-Town, takes Ship, and associates with a Cavalier.*

WHEN *Olivaires* had writ the Letter, he laid it so as *Arthur* might not fail of finding it, and also the Vial; and took a large Sum of Gold, and Jewels of great value, and lock'd them up in his Mail, which he placed behind him on the best Horse in his Stable; and having mounted, he left the City with deep sighing, and grievous lamentation; and having gone some little distance, he turns his Horse, and faces the City, saying. O Lord of Truth, who hast formed the Heaven and the Earth, and of thy goodness hast fashioned me after thy own image and likeness, I beseech thee by that most sacred Passion, whereby thou didst redeem our Humane kind, suffering a most bitter

death for it, that thou would'ſt be pleaſed of thy Divine Pity to comfort my afflicted Sovereign and Father, who without any his rigour, and alſo knowledge of my departure, loſes the Heir of his Illuſtrious Kingdom; and of thy favour conſolate *Arthur*, who hath loſt the deareſt and moſt faithful Friend he had in the world by my being forced to wander up and down in it; and ſupport the hearts of the whole Court, that they may be able to ſuſtain the being deprived of ſuch a Friend. All his Acquaintance of the Court ſeem'd to be preſent at theſe words, who in dolorous accents made the like complaint. O brave Cavaliers, whoſe dear delight was the noble Art of War; ſee you have loſt *Olivaires* the Invincible Prince of the ſame; hang up your Armour now to ruſt; leave off the breaking of Lances, where the Valiant are exerciſed at Tilting; where the Trumpets and Clarions ſounded loud to inſpire Courage for Victory. O you who walk

the

the paths of amorous Fancy, who shall be your Pattern now for comely Habit, good Dress, and new-invented Modes to make you more acceptable to the fair Ones? The Ravishing Serenades that were heard before the blushing *Aurora* was seen, will now be neglected, since Harmony it self has expir'd to us and you. Virgins of Nobility, To day you have lost the Gallantry of the Court, and the fair Mirror, wherein you beheld your own sweet resemblance. In a word, All that is good, all that is desirable and lovely, is vanished: The Balls are now at an end; delicate Airs and charming Songs are silenc'd; and all the Instruments of Musick are out of tune, upon the departure of *Olivaires*. Lo! he has turn'd his Palfrey into a rougher Path. Whilst the Noble Knight prayed with much ardency, his Eyes became a Fountain of flowing Tears. So riding on for some days, he arrived at length at a Sea-port Town, where he found a Ship bound

for *Constantinople*; and in it was a great Lord of *Africa*, who had hired her for himself, and for whom her Sails were now hoised. *Olivaires* desiring the Master to go on Board, was denied; but a Knight belonging to this Lord, observing the temper of *Olivaires*, begged of him, and so he was admitted; and together they went up into the Ship; and his Horse also was taken in. Upon this account *Olivaires* and the Knight contracted an intimate friendship; and for the comelineſs of his Person, his Mien, and virtuous Modesty, he was respectfully look'd upon, and honourably entertain'd by all. But let us leave the Ship to the disposal and conduct of the Winds, of Fortune, and of Fate; and turn our discourse to *Arthur*, left alone, afflicted, and grieving, when he did not find his dearly beloved Brother, and then re-visit the wavy Ocean, and her perilous Rocks.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How Arthur Dalgarve *enter'd his Chamber, and read the Letter.*

THE next morning *Arthur* came to *Olivaires*'s Chamber, and finding his Page waiting at the Door, he ask'd him why he went not in; to whom the other answer'd, because *Olivaires* had ordered him so. But *Arthur* seeing the Sun was pretty high advanc'd, bid his Page open; and he entering in, quickly shut the Door to upon him, and run to the Bed to find his dear Brother; but missing him, he was much amazed.

And looking up and down the Chamber, he found the Letter and the Vial; and taking it up, and reading, he was immediately so fill'd with sorrow, that he was forc'd to cast himself upon the Bed, exhaling and spending more spirits out of his Body, than were left behind; and

he that had heard the mourning of *Arthur*, would have thought he was juſt a-going to die of Grief; and truly he would rather have choſen to have done ſo, than have loſt the company of *Olivaires*. O my dear *Olivaires*, cry'd he; O my true Friend! I could never have forſaken your Company, as you have mine. Surely ſome great occaſion has brought thee to this; yet my faithful obſervance of you, with our ſtrict friendſhip, might have embolden'd you to truſt me with your whole Caſe; that I participating of your Affliction, might have taken a ſhare of it upon my ſelf; but you was too kind to give me ſo much trouble. O Father, O Sovereign, what a ſad misfortune has fall'n upon thee! How will thy poor heart ſuſtain ſo vaſt a dolor? How wilt thou be able to live one hour longer, when thou ſhalt know all the words *Olivaires* has written? And ſaying thus, *Arthur* proceeded to read the Letter; which did ſo

mightily increaſe his ſorrow, that his Spirits failing, and his Colour vaniſhing, he fell as dead upon *Olivaires* Bed, and long time remained as dead.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The King goes into Olivaires's *Chamber to look for him, and finds* Arthur *in a Swoon.*

THE Gentlemen that ſtood expecting at the Door, ſeeing none come forth, nor knowing what was become of *Arthur* or *Olivaires*, ſent to let the King underſtand as much, who quickly came, and knocking and calling, could get no Anſwer; whereupon he haſtily order'd the door to be broke open, and entring, he found *Arthur* for dead upon the Bed; but his *Olivaires* no where; and calling to *Arthur*, and having no anſwer, he laid his hands on him, and turning him over, he ſaw plainly 'twas a Swoon; and bid bring cold Water, and ſtrong Scents, and ſo reſtor'd him to himſelf: Then *Arthur* ſuddenly finding his Spirits to recover, gave a great ſigh, ſaying, Ah! Death, why doſt thou ſuf-

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fer me to live? Why doſt thou not finiſh thy Office on me, according as I long for it? Why doſt thou raiſe me into Life, who through exceſs of Grief can but a little while continue in it? And having the Letter in his hand, with a heavy groan he delivered it to the King, who took it, and began to read; but no ſooner looked he on the firſt line, than paternal Affection raiſed his Blood into mighty agitation and diſorder, and again, fear quickly made him turn pale; ſo that between the one Paſſion and the other, he was feiz'd on by extremity of Sorrow, and renting his Garment, and tearing off the Hair from his Head and Beard, he appear'd as one Diſtracted; now ſmiting his Breaſts, now his Face, and now crying out aloud, he begins to vent himſelf in ſome words directed to the great Lords of his Court, who ſtood aſtoniſhed at ſo horrible and unexpected an Accident; Help me to Lament, you invincible Cavaliers; let your hearts bear a ſhare in my Affliction,

for

for my Dolour redounds to the whole Realm: Lo! my so much Beloved *Olivaires* is lost, he is gone, and a sad and hard Fate hath sent him away into Foreign Realms, to deprive me both of my State and Life. His Lord's moved by their Sovereign's Misery, and afflicted for so fresh and unvalued a loss, felt within their own breasts so poignant a Dolour, that the stoutest heart among them was overcome and fail'd; so that instead of Consolating their Sovereign, their Sorrow made them also imitate his frantick Actions, in beating their Breasts, making terrible Lamentations, and tearing their Hair; and even distracted through Love and Grief; with their Cries they pierced the Heavens: Oh! the Crown of my Kingdom, said the King, in what sadness hast thou left me! was not enough the first stab of thy Nativity, which Launced my heart with thy Mother's Death? Surely that was enough without the addition of this, which has transfixed my very Soul:

Soul: Where ſhall my old Age find repoſe, which beholding thy Virtue, was delighted and happy? My Kingdom ſubject unto thee, which was ſo well ſatisfied, ſo much affected thee, whither will it be reduc'd? Under what hope hath it now to live? One Arm of thy Virtue did lovingly embrace it, the other, with the Sword of thy daring Valour, defended it. But the hopes are become fruſtrate, the imaginations vain, and deſigns defeated, bottom'd on thy admirable Soul. Oh! my *Olivaires*! How art thou loſt? Where wandereſt thou, O my Son! Where art thou, O the hope and end of all my thinking! The Merciful Almighty grant by thy return to this ſo much-afflicted State, Conſolation; and by thy appearing again, clear up that darkneſs has overſpread and put this honourable Court into deep Mourning: But if in deſtiny it be not that thou muſt return, that it would pleaſe him to gather up thy Spirit in Peace, and at the

same time set me at Liberty from the Prison of this wretched and dolorous Life.

CHAP. XV.

Through all parts of the world Couriers are dispatched in search of the King's Son; and of the Queen's Lamentation.

THE King as distracted, abandoning the whole Court, attended of but by a few, so afflicted was he and distressed, runs to find out the Queen, and crying out and beating his Bosom, throws his Arms about her Neck, who was surpriz'd and astonish'd, not understanding the matter: But when she heard proceed from the King's mouth these words, The Victor at our Festivals, and the Delight of the Kingdom is gone, a pointed torment struck her to the heart; let us lament (pursued the King)

King) let us lament, unfortunate Queen, the great good we are deprived of; our Conſolation is vaniſhed, the remedy of our evils is ſtolen from us by Fortune; you ſhall no more ſee that Valiant Son whom you ſo much commended, the Victor Invincible; well underſtood the Queen that the Afflicted King ſpoke of her Beloved *Olivaires*, although he never mentioned his Name, and ſhe conceived to herſelf the cauſe of his departure; and ſhe aſſur'd herſelf of the loſs of ſo Noble a Cavalier, knowing ſhe had given occaſion of lament to the whole Court; wherefore her heart was ſecretly prick'd with remorſe, ſhe repented of her Error; and what by one paſſion, what the other, fell into a Swoon in the King's Arms; who was ſo infeebled that he could ſcarce ſuſtain her Weight; and the Queen's Affliction joining with the Grief for his Son, made their conditions alike; and moving to where he thought better to have ſupported himſelf, he

alſo

alſo Swooned to. In this juncture, the Court who followed him with his Son *Arthur*, arrived, being reſolved in diligent ſearch after *Olivaires*, to ſend through the whole World; and ſeeing the Royal Pair lye extended on the floor in a Swoon through Grief, they did certainly conclude that the Souls of thoſe Crowned Heads had taken their farewel flight; and not without great complaints and infinite lamentation, did approach to the King and Queen, the Lords, and chiefly *Arthur*, ſeeing what neceſſity there was, did boldly come cloſe up to them ſaying, with as loud a voice as he was able, O King! O Queen! (ſome helps being uſed to recover their Spirits) this is not a time to die, but withal, endeavour to ſeek after my Royal Brother, according as we have ordered. The King (a little come to himſelf) hearing *Arthur*'s words, by ſtretching forth his Arms gave ſigns of his being better, and the Queen the like; who at the ſight of her Son

Arthur

Arthur was a little comforted, and the Ladies lifting her up, lead her to her Chamber; the King placed on a Seat, heard all their Conſultation, which was reſolutely to make enquiry after *Olivaires*; and *Arthur* was the firſt who deſired the King's Favour to be one of thoſe who ſhould go after him; to whom the King returned anſwer, Son, if your preſence was ſubſtracted from our ſight, there would need no other cauſe of Death, for our Life would quickly have a period; be it your charge to ſend away fit men, and take you the management of this important Affair; wherefore the ſooner you diſpatch Meſſengers over all the Provinces of the Earth, the more you will ſtudy our Content, and effect an alleviation of our Grief: 'Tis much my pleaſure, dread Sovereign, to perform your Majeſty's Commands, and I am ready to Obey you in whatever you enjoyn; although willingly I would be one of thoſe ſhould go in queſt after him, becauſe no man can

have

have a greater love for, or desire of re gaining him than myself. *Arthur* provided Messengers, and writ Letters, and Authorized them with the Subscription of the King's own Name, and sent them into all parts, according as was judged expedient. In the time of this expedition, the Queen finding herself deprived of her hearts desire, caused her Ladies to withdraw, and remained alone for some small time; in which solitary opportunity she began to take revenge upon herself for the injury she had committed, and with rude hands seizing on her Vail, Vestments, and Hair, she imagined thereby she had pretty well punished herself, accompanying that Cruelty with such Accents as these; Cursed was the hour of my Nativity! I am a Woman rightly accursed of Heaven, because I have not been ashamed to be an Enemy to Virtue! my Wickedness was the only occasion of the self-Banishment of him, whose Body was the Temple of Goodness: Say, Unhappy

happy Queen! were thy Offence punished, what punishment would be answerable to thy deserts! O *Olivaires*! the Idea and Mirrour of all our Nobility, how shall I ever be able to render satisfaction for the injury I have done thee! O Righteous God, and just Judge! how canst thou long permit that such sacred Blood should suffer Affliction for the Wickedness of so Criminal a Woman! let thy Wrath showre down upon the sinful Dame, and restore to the highest station of Honour her innocent Son. O *Olivaires*! how much better had it been that thou hadst taken away my Life that hour when I secretly enticed thee to rob both thy self and me of our Virtuous Fame! and not to have suffer'd me, by injuring both thee and the Publick, to put both thy Life and theirs into so bitter hazard! I repent from the shame which I conceive in my Breast, I do repent, I acknowledge my fault, I see my error, and apparent is the Ruin occasioned by

my

my odious immodesty. The offer was very grating to thy delicate Ear, that I had not the power to govern my self in a necessity: Oh! how shall I ever be able to endure the punishment of my fault! let Mirth be for ever banished from my heart, and all the days of my life spent in Lamentation! Great God, the Sovereign Good, and Righteous Lord, be pleased to accept of my Prayers, for I am purposed to treasure up all my wealth in the bosom of the poor, and in holy uses; for his sake whom I have so much offended, for the sake of that best and most flourishing flower of Youth. Preserve him, O Lord, in all dangers he may light into by the way of his Travel, and of thy infinite pity pardon me my great Offence. The King and Queen both comforting themselves with hopes of news of *Olivaires*; but fortune crossed their intent who went in pursuit after him, for they could not get the least intelligence of him; wherefore at their return they put the

Court

Court into second Mourning: But *Arthur* upon it fell into a Sickness, and likewise the King; the Lamentation was renewed through the Realm, and among the Lords. But let us leave the Kingdom to its sorrow, and turn our Discourse to *Olivaires*, whom we shall find quickly tos'd in a Tempest at Sea.

CHAP. XVI.

The Ship which stood for Constantinople *by a great misfortune perishes in the Main, and all are cast away save* Olivaires *and his Friend the Cavalier.*

YOU have heard how the Ship spread her Sails before the Wind. On Board of which was a great Lord, who admitted of, by means of his Knight, the Honourable *Olivaires*. Now you must understand that being arrived within three days Sail

Sail of their designed Haven, a great Tempest arose to thwart them, whereby the Sea became turbulent about a Month's space, so that they knew not which way to steer; in which time the Tempest, Waves, and Wind tore the Sails, broke the Ropes, threw down the Masts and Sail-Yards; the Rudder was lost, the Anchors were cast away, and the Pilot, through his ill fortune, was tired out, and no longer able to govern; therefore the Ship deprived of her Tackling, was left at random, and exposed to the guidance of the enraged Ocean; whereby she was cast upon a Rock, and from the hind Deck to the fore, split in two. Now the Sailers, by this mishap, being reduced to extream peril of their lives, betook them to Swimming, and those that could not, necessity taught; some on Boards, others on Tables, and whatever light matter they could lay hold of to help them. *Olivaires* at the first seized on a large Plank for his

his ſupport, and taking the Cavalier whom he loved on it in company with him, they faſtened themſelves thereto, nor was he diſheartened to put his Mail betwixt them, binding it faſt, ſo to provide himſelf for whatever ſtreights he might be brought to, and to make all the proviſion for life was poſſible; and after recommendation to the God of Mercy, they expoſed themſelves a prey to the Waves, Swimming as long as their ſtrengths would endure, which was but for a ſmall time; for it being no warm Seaſon, and the Water frigid, their Arms and Legs were benumm'd and made inſenſible by the Cold. So that if they had not been as cloſe faſtened as the Ivy to the Oak, the ſporting Billows had many a time diſmounted them from their Wooden Horſe. So a whole Night, and the following Morning, they remained in this unparallell'd danger: *Olivaires*, who was endued with greater ſtoutneſs of mind, and alſo ſtrength of body, than the other

Cavalier, bid him, Courage; but he was ſo diſmayed that he could ſcarce get out a word, and begun to faint; then *Olivaires* lifting up his eyes and thoughts to Heaven, and alſo a ſincere heart, ſaid, O Lord, who prepared'ſt a way for the Sons of *Iſrael* thorough the Red Sea, and delivered'ſt the Three Children from out of the blazing Furnace; who even in thy Fleſh could'ſt walk upon the Waters, and ſaved'ſt St. *Peter* when he began to ſink, only by thy word; I beſeech thee, that as thou extended'ſt thy pity and favour unto them, ſo thou would now alſo be pleaſed to ſuccour and ſave us. Lo! this ſhort Prayer pierced the Heaven; and two Harts appeared upon the Water, which running Miraculouſly there, came up to ſalute theſe diſtreſſed Companions: Give ſpeedy Glory to God, cry'd *Olivaires*; and having leap'd upon the one, and helped the Cavalier to mount the other, they Swom with that Swiftneſs, as if in chace they had run on the land,

land, and ſet the half dead couple a ſhore, and left them there, and took their way to the Woody Mountains: the warmth of the Sun now having thaw'd and cheriſh'd their congeal'd Limbs; and having taken ſome heart, being got out of danger, in the firſt place they returned thanks unto God, and then with ſlow pace (*Olivaires* ſupporting the Cavalier, who was full of Water, and ſore ſhatter'd by the Waves) they arrived at a little Cabin and poor Lodging, where with a good fire, and other neceſſaries they were forc'd to ſend far for, he cheer'd up his Companion; and having got him to bed, he after took care of himſelf, as alſo was needful; and there they recruited themſelves ſome days.

CHAP. XVII.

How Olivaires, *the Cavalier growing worse, orders him to be carried to the place of his Nativity, where he dies; and of various Accidents that befell.*

HAving rested a while at this small Cottage, and the Cavalier's Malady increasing upon him, there chanced to come there a Noble Man of those Parts, with whom *Olivaires* enter'd into much discourse, finding him a Person had been conversant in the world, and was able to talk of the various occurrences and risques of fortune that happen in, and attend it: So as they discoursed now of one thing, now of another; the sick Knight could gather that they were on *English* ground, in which Kingdom he breathed his first Air, being born in the City of *Canterbury*, and quickly inquir'd after the place of his Nativity,

vity, and understood he was but three-score miles distant from it; then he turned toward him to question him further, If he knew such a Cavalier, (naming himself); The Nobleman replied, No; but he had heard him well spoken of for a brave and worthy Gentleman, and that he was highly esteemed of in that City; and having so said, he departed, and left *Olivaires* to pursue his own Journey. I am Master *John Talbot*, and this is my Country; in that City I have a good Estate, my admirable Friend, and therefore be pleased to let me be carried thither, since it is not far off, and I will repay you whatever charges you shall be at; for I perceive my strength to waste every day more and more, and if it had not been for your virtue and goodness, I had certainly perished in the Water, or here on the Land, if not before. *Olivaires* comforted him up, and told him he had hopes of his recovery; however, for the other, he needed not trouble himself, and he

made him a promiſe; but when he ſaw there were no hopes of his life, he order'd him to be carried, becauſe he was too weak to ſit on Horſeback; and having bought for himſelf an excellent good Palfrey, he went along with him, and Men bearing by turns from place to place, brought him at length into his own City; where the Cavalier being arrived, and heartily receiv'd by his Friends and Acquaintance, he ſuddenly became ſpeechleſs, and after a few days changed this life for a better. It happened that a Citizen, many years before, was to have received a Sum of Monies of the Cavalier that was dead, and he made a diſtrain in his Houſe, and would not ſuffer his Body to be interr'd till he was paid of, which he could maintain by Writings, and he had ſtood excommunicate many years. This bad News troubled his Parents, for that it would oblige them to ſell their Goods and Eſtate, neither could the price of them reach it; therefore they reſolved rather

rather to let him remain excommunicate, than satisfy the Debt; but the generous Prince *Olivaires* would no less be his Friend in death, than Brother in life, as you shall hear.

CHAP. XVIII.

Olivaires *causes the Cavalier to be buried, and discharges the Debt; and of some Justings proclaimed in the Court of the King of* England.

Olivaires seeing the great Covetousness of the Knight's Parents, was much offended at it; and used all the endeavour he could to accord the matter betwixt the Parties: At length, being neither able to persuade the one, nor bring the other to a composition-agreement, he demanded of the Creditor, how much the total Sum came to; and when he was answer'd 2000 Nobles, he like a Prince, and Mirror of Princes, paid with Gold

and Jewels the Debt for his deceaſed Friend, retaining their late friendſhip freſh in his memory, and ſo procured for him Chriſtian Burial. After few days he heard a Report that the King of *England* had given command for proclaiming a Turnament to continue three days, and that he who ſhould get the victory, ſhould have for reward his Daughter to Wife, and the Kingdom for her Dowry; and this Royal Maid was the moſt beautiful and admirable young Creature that ever was born, or ever appear'd on the Earth: Nor would her Father beſtow her in marriage on any King, or any other, unleſs he was the moſt valiant and braveſt of the Age, to the end that by Arms he might maintain her in her Dominions, and the State in peace. There were 400 Knights appointed to maintain the Juſting and Combat againſt whatever Cavalier had a mind to preſent himſelf on the Field for Encounter; and now Nine Months had paſſed ſince the Feaſt and

Turna-

Turnament were publiſhed, and the allotted term was to expire within 15 days. The Valiant *Olivaires* made it his buſineſs to underſtand well the Faſhion and Cuſtoms there; and by a very Experienc'd Cavalier, got Inſtructions as to every thing; and, that which delighted him moſt, he was credibly informed that the King's Daughter did much exceed the high Character and Fame that went abroad of her; therefore *Olivaires* fell in love with the very Idea he had conceived from report; thinking with himſelf, that if he ſhould come off Victor at ſuch a Turnament, the Prize would be an abundant reward of all his Fatigues and Affliction: And now he is on his way for going to the Juſting, and *London*, for the Court reſided at that City, and there was the place appointed for this famous Turnament.

CHAP. XIX.

What Fortune Olivaires *has by the way, leaving* Canterbury *to go for the Tilting.*

THE time being now but short before the Feast was to begin, the Valiant Knight is on his Journey, ever having in his mind the delightful thoughts of Victory, and of seeing so many Kings, Dukes, and great Lords make proof of their Valour; thus thinking he went on till he came to a Wood not far from the City of *London*, when lo! from one corner of it sallied out 15 High-way men, Assassinates of Travellers, one whereof with Lance in hand advanced up, putting himself in the front of the rest, and with villanous words said, Lay down your Arms, Knight Errant, if you desire to live. *Olivaires*, before he made answer, put up a secret Prayer unto God, and his Answer to the

the Assassinate was immediately to draw his Sword; and fencing off the thrusts of his Spear, and making his Horse give back, he brings him down and kills him; and taking his Lance, he turns himself against the other Robbers, who made very gallant defence; but in little time the Valorous *Olivaires* slew the greater part of them; whereupon the rest fled away wounded, and, as fast as they could, recover'd the Wood, amazed at the mighty valour they beheld in him; and if they had been double or treble the number, I truly believe he would have conquer'd and kill'd them all. *Olivaires* having free'd himself of them, paid his gratitude to God; and riding forward, he spies a Spring as clear as Chrystal, to which he makes, and alights from his Horse to refresh himself with its water, being extream thirsty and hot, and also to wash some Ripples he had got in the Assassinates Assault; wherefore being intent upon these, his Horse had step by step wandered

wandered a good way off, and being now at liberty began to run and caper about, before *Olivaires* was aware; and with great haſte he goes with deſign to catch him, when out of the thick Wood came one of thoſe villanous Highway-men, and prevents him, ſeizes on the Bridle, mounts him, and flies away with the Mail was faſtned to the Saddle-bow: What Mortal can imagine *Olivaires*'s grief at this Accident, finding himſelf deprived of his Horſe, and Jewels which were of great value! but his chief trouble of all was, that he could not go to the Tilting, being void of all hope, and means, both for the Combat and Attire.

Whereupon he begins a Complaint able to rend the Rocks, and ſoften them into tenderneſs and compaſſion: O! was not my Mother's Death enough to ſatiate the ſpight of Fortune? was not enough my Father's Grief, was not enough the Affliction of my Kingdom? Not content to have

hurried

hurried me into infinite perils of life, when in the height of my desire to recover my Losses, she brings a Cloud over my little glimsing Joy, and dawning Happiness. But thou, Lord, whose Essence is goodness it self, reach forth unto me thy Right hand in this Wood; Let thy Sun dispel my new darkness that surrounds me; and laying his Face on the ground in a posture for dying, after sobs and tears he was silent.

CHAP. XX.

Of a Cavalier that appears to Olivaires, *and puts him into hope; and of some Covenants betwixt them.*

Olivaires being in so melancholly a Mood, a Cavalier came unto him, certainly a Messenger from God for his comfort, and with a loud voice call'd to him, O *Olivaires* of *Castile*, rouse up, and hate me not for terminating thy Doubts; rouse up, and sleep not; whereupon he quickly raisd

raiſed his head, being ſurpriz'd to be called on by name, yet not reſolved whether to ſleep or awake, thinking it might be ſome Phantaſy which his Melancholy had preſented to his Imagination; but looking earneſtly, he was aſſured by his Aſpect, that it was ſome very honourable Knight; and obſerving the black Veſture on his back, he was the more aſtoniſhed; then ſigning himſelf with the Croſs, after the manner of the Chriſtians, he ſaid: I adjure thee by the Maker of the Heaven, and the Earth, and the Merits of his Son Jeſus, to tell me how thou cameſt by the knowledge of my Name, and whether thou art a Man, or a good Genius? Be not afraid of me, ſaid the Black Knight, for that I am a Chriſtian, and believe in God as thy ſelf; enquire not now why I have called on thee; it is enough that thou art heard as to the loſing thy Horſe, Jewels and Gold; and thy trouble (for not being able to go to the Turnament) hath penetrated where it will.

will have the beſt relief; for thou haſt obliged me by many Kindneſſes, and ſignal received Services, and therefore lo! I am ready to oblige you again in whatever ſhall be requiſite for the Turnament (for I will not diſcharge Benefits with Ingratitude); and in a word, thou ſhalt have every thing becoming a King not thy Superior. I am willing in recompence of thy courteſy, that thou ſhouldſt partake with me in all the Acquiſt that thou ſhalt procure by me; and thou ſhalt give me the half of all whatever thy Gains, when I demand it of thee; altho I will have liberty to take it to my ſelf, or leave it to thee. *Olivaires*, who had a burning deſire to be at the Tilting, hearing the Cavalier's Offer, without heeding the Conditions, or the Covenant, anſwered him after this manner: If my Fortune ſhall not diſſent from thy doing me ſo great pretended Service, of furniſhing me with Arms, Horſes, Attendants, and Money, ſo as ſhall be ſufficient for me;

me; I ſwear to thee by the Power Omnipotent, and promiſe by the truſt which I put in him, that thou ſhalt ſhare in all the Reward, Gain, and Treaſure, by receiving the half, or more if thou deſire it, in caſe I ſhall be Victor at the Feaſt, and win the Day. The Knight accepted of it upon his Royal Paroll, and renew'd his Promiſe that he ſhould be ſo honourably ſerved, and ſo furniſhed in all reſpects for whatever might make him appear brave at the Turnament, as any Knight in the World could wiſh to be; and taking him by the hand, he led him into a Grove, where having ſhew'd a ſtrait path would carry him to a Sacred Hermit's Cell, he told him he muſt remain there till he could return with all neceſſary Proviſions for his purpoſe. O *Olivaires*, thy true Friend ſo aſſuring thee, willingly wait for him, who ſhall quickly rejoice thy heart; and *Olivaires* taking leave of him with much expreſſion of gratitude, went to the Hermitage,

and

and the Knight vaniſh'd, and left him alone on the way.

CHAP. XXI.

Olivaires *comes to the Hermit; and of ſome Diſcourſes betwixt them.*

THE holy Hermit was at his Devotions when *Olivaires* knock'd at the Dore of his Cell; and being afraid, not any one for many years before having come at him, he would not open it; but when *Olivaires* ſaid he was a Chriſtian, and no Evil Spirit, or Apparition, having firſt ſign'd himſelf with the ſign of the Croſs, he let him in, and led him to the Altar, there to worſhip his Saviour; then making him ſit down, the Hermit went and finiſhed his Devotions. After that he brought him a red Earthen Diſh of dry'd Fruits, Bread and Water, muſtering up for the entertainment of the Valiant Knight all his forces, and bid him to take good heart, for that juſt now by Divine Revelation

velation he had ſeen who he was, and the occaſion of his departure from his Kingdom, and how the Cavalier had invited him to his Cabin, and many other particulars the Holy Father told him. *Olivaires*, well ſatisfied of the ſanctity of the Perſonage, paid him exceeding great reverence, and praiſed Almighty God for his goodneſs unto him. The Hermit, after this, open'd to him the Sacred Law, and expounded it with much fervency of ſpirit, and gave him many good Inſtructions; then he made a Bed with Leaves and Straw for him to repoſe on, and deſired him for God's ſake to take patiently this penance, for that 'twas neceſſary to paſs this miſerable Life with pain and ſorrow, having confidence in the Lord, that after he had gone thorough the Waters of Miſery, and the Flames of Purgatory, God would place him in a Paradiſe of refreſhment, and perfect Joys. And after he had given *Olivaires* his Bleſſing, he left him to reſt. When the Morning

Morning was come, the Sacred Hermit celebrated the Holy Mass; and *Olivaires* having confess'd his Sins to the Reverend Father, received the Eucharist with mighty devotion and contrition for his Faults. After, he continually instructed him in the Holy Scriptures; making it manifest unto him, that it was a good Spirit, who by the Grace of God had brought him thither; and continually comforted him, and exhorted him quietly to support these his present Tribulations, and indure many other also which were to succeed them.

CHAP. XXII.

Olivaires *is overjoy'd, seeing come in his behalf, Men, Horses and Arms.*

Olivaires was four days in expectation of the Assistance that was promised him; after which he begun to be a little moved, knowing that

that the last day before the Turnament was come, and he grew to be much afflicted at the delay of the Cavalier; and if the Hermit had not assured him that he would not fail him, he had perhaps despair'd; wherefore he deliberated often of going to *London*. He beheld from rising ground (whither he went to see if he could spy the Cavalier coming) many Horses and armed Troops which were going to the Tilting, which vexed him to the very heart; and when at night he retired into the Cell to the holy Father, he fell into an extream great passion, and could eat nothing; so now the whole term was past, therefore *Olivaires* resolved to go alone to Court, but the Hermit with much intreaty perswaded him to stay till the next day; so that now all the days were past, and the hour of the Tilting was come; wherefore the valiant Knight despairing, went to prayer; and after he was beginning his Journey, lamenting his mishap; but as soon

ſoon as he had opened the Hermitage Dore, and had ſcarce gone four ſteps forward, he heard a loud neighing of Horſes, and clink of Armour, and they ſeemed to draw near to the Hermitage; and preſently he ſaw ſix Cavaliers advance before the reſt, all armed in bright Corſalets, and all the Horſes with Trappings, and covered with Black, but without Lance and Shields; after theſe followed ten other Cavaliers clothed in Black Velvet, and alſo all Furniture for Horſe; fifteen Pages likewiſe on fifteen beautiful Black Horſes came after, and fifty men on foot all in the ſame Sable Livery; and the two firſt led by the Bridle a ſprightly and wonderful finely ſhap'd Horſe covered and adorn'd with Black Trappings; and on his Saddle-bow he bore a gilded Helmet, garniſhed around with precious Stones, which enlight'ned the gloomy Grove, and every one carried ſome part of *Olivaires* Armour, which was made of the fineſt Metal, covered with

with Damask-work, and a Tuck of purer and better temper than ever Artiſt in the World wrought, Sword, Lances, Dagger, Shields, and Creſts.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Pleaſure and Tranſport Olivaires *was in at ſuch Preparations; and of the Beauty of the King of* England's *Daughter.*

THE Knights being habited after this manner, as you have heard, came up to the Hermitage, paying that Reverence which was agreeable to ſo great a King; quickly the Knight of the Grove, who had made him the Promiſe, as their Chief, alights from his Horſe, and embraces *Olivaires*, who remembring him, was exceedingly tranſported with joy, and was amazed at ſo pompous Preparation, and gave him infinite thanks: This Retinue that thou ſeeſt, ſaid the Knight,

Knight, I have brought, that thou mayst be well served; and assure thy self thou shalt want for nothing that in any kind may be requisite for thee. I beg of you that you will behave your self bravely, that we may not spend our Service and Fatigue in vain, and I will accompany you at the Tilting, give you your Lances, and spur on your Horse; dear Sir, reply'd *Olivaires*, The kindness you shew me is not in the power of any Treasure to reward, or make the least suitable correspondence to; wherefore I look on my self as bound to you by an eternal obligation; for I have great confidence in that Celestial Goodness who has delivered me from so many, and so extraordinary dangers, that he will grant us the favour to obtain the glory of this Turnament: The Cavalier reply'd, God give you all that assistance and favour that I do heartily wish unto you: But, continued he, the hour is now come, wherefore sit down at the Table I have prepared, and take

repaſt, and after arm, and go for the Turnament. The Hermit, after he had given *Olivaires* his Benediction, left him, and went to his Devotions; and he being placed in a Golden Chair at a ſumptuous and Royal Table, did eat, and after (every hour ſeeming a thouſand years to him) was decked in his wonderful Armour, and mounting his Horſe, he marches away to the Court with his honourable and comely Train: Juſt at the very time that *Olivaires* was eating, and decking for the Turnament, *Helena* the King's Daughter was conducted out of the City to the Piazza prepared for the Tilting; ſhe was attended on by two hundred moſt beautiful young Damſels richly adorn'd with Gold, and illuſtrious for Blood; and with theſe aſcending a Scaffold, covered all round about with the moſt rich and glorious Tiſſue and Broccade the World could afford, with Ornaments of Crimſon Velvet above and below, her Beauty created ſtupor in all Eyes that beheld her:

her: Under the Canopy, where her Seat was, Steps jetted out behind all of Maſſy Gold, and ſhe ſate on a Triumphal Chair of Elecorn garniſhed with Jewels and Carved Work of Gold, amounting to the value of a thouſand Cities: And for the ſhelter of the young Ladies of quality numberleſs Pavillions were erected, richly embroyder'd with great labour and art: Then as to the upper part of the Scaffold, or Canopy for a Heaven, it was all of Azure Velvet full of ſuch ſparkling precious Stones, that they out-brav'd the day, and appear'd like ſo many bright Stars of the Firmament. Over the King's Daughter hung a Stone about the bigneſs of one's Fiſt of ſuch tranſcendant ſplendor, that the moſt glorious Rays of the Sun could not drown its light, or eclipſe or diminiſh its luſtre: Wherefore the Canopy, the Ornaments, and Pavillions, ſeemed to preſent one vaſt burning pure flame: But above all, the divine Eyes of the fair Daughter

of *England* ſhot ſcorching beams into the hearts of all that looked on her, and her moſt beautiful Shape and Features, and celeſtial Dreſs, fetter'd up and ſtounded the Senſes of thoſe valiant Cavaliers, who had prepared themſelves for ſuch a dazling Spectacle: The divine *Helena* then having taken her place, with all the Ladies, four Judges of the Grandees of the Kingdom, appeared forth, and having kiſſed the ground where her Foot trod, in a lower place they alſo ſat down; around on every ſide were Scaffolds and Stages all fill'd with Lords, Gentlemen, and Ladies, ennobled both by Birth and Beauty; who all gave out with one conſent, and, as it were, one mouth, O thrice happy Cavalier, who ſhalt by thy Valour gain for thy ſelf ſuch an ineſtimable Prize.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the great Feats of Olivaires; *and how much he surpast all the Justers and Kings.*

WHEN *Olivaires* had put on his Armour, and was all ready for taking Horse, he went to kiss the holy Hermit's hand, beseeching him that he would supplicate our Lord, that of his good favour he would grant him the Victory; and he promised him as much. Wherefore taking leave, and lacing on his Helmit, he begun his Journey, which was very short. Arrived then at the Piazza, they found all the four hundred Knights prepared for the defence of the Turnament on one part; on the other, the King of *Ireland*, the King of *Scotland*'s Son, and many more well adorned, accouter'd, and fitted to give demonstration of their great Valour and Prowess; and at the

ſound of the Trumpets divers Lances were broken; every one was amazed and ſtupify'd, looking on the marvailous unknown Black Knight, who expreſt in his Actions unordinary courage of Mind, and ſtrength of Body; who with mighty reſpect and moſt humble reverence bowed himſelf before that Heaven of Beauty, and alighted on to his Feet to contemplate her; and being perfectly conquered by her Angelical Aſpect, he became almoſt forgetful of what he was about; and had it not been an Affair thus nearly relating to her, he had been intirely ſo. And now there had been a Skirmiſh; and the King of *Ireland*'s Son had hitherto the better, and ſtood with his Lance in Reſt, expecting an Adverſary; when *Olivaires*'s Knight, ſhaking a Lance, cry'd; Lo, here depends the Victory! and reaches him it. The valiant and hardy Youth quickly took it, and went toward, where *Maquenor* of *Ireland* was turning about; and he expected him, and

turn'd

turn'd oppoſite to him; whereupon they gave two briſk Encounters, and the great Cry was for the Valour of the King of *Ireland*'s Son; but when they ſaw the movement and fierce blows of the Black Knight, their ſhouts piereed the Sky in applauſe of ſuch ſtupendious Courage. *Maquenor* broke his Lance upon *Olivaires*, who remain'd fixed as a Tower; but the puſh which the other received was ſuch, that it brought his Horſe to the ground, and he, as if he had flown, was caſt ten yards out of the Liſts; and preſently the Black Knight had another Lance given him, who run againſt a ſecond that expected him with couched Lance, a very ſtout and nimble Champion; but in Encounter *Olivaires* gave him ſuch a puſh, that the Cavalier's Horſe's Girths, Breaſt-plate, and Reins, all were burſt, ſo that by the blow he made the other Horſe recede, and in his flying back the valiant *Olivaires* Lance ſeated him on his Horſes Crupper, and quickly

down he fell for dead on the ground; whence great amazement seized all the Court on account of the fierceness of the Black Knight, who never by any blow was put out of his Saddle, being stable and firm like a Rock against the Billows: Thus he acted in the whole Tilting; all whoever came against him he lay on the ground, and the last he combated with was the King of *Scotland*'s Son, whom in like manner he shatter'd and conquer'd by one of the briskest Thrusts that *Olivaires* ever made; for which the fair Virgin was much inamour'd of the Black Knight, and said; If that Cavalier were as comely without Armour, as he does appear (and more so upon account of his Valour) in it, he would be the first and chiefest of the World. So, *Olivaires*, the first day's Victor, gallopt to and fro over the Field, now all his. The second day he was to combat, after one Lance broken, with *Faucheons*; and the third day with Sword and Poynard:

Poynard: The first day then *Olivaires* was judged the Prince of all the Combatants, and he stayed on the Field till all the Knights were gone off: And as *Helena* was going away, *Olivaires* 'lighting from his Horse, made his humble obeysance, and then having mounted another admirable Steed, he performed such handsome Feats, as might have become the bravest King, the best Rider, and chiefest man at Arms in the World. *Helena* was delighted with the Valour, Gallantry, and Activeness of the Cavalier, and was much satisfy'd in her mind with him. The Judges affirmed that he was the Stupor of Chivalry, and the whole Court went off amazed at his Valour.

CHAP. XXV.

Olivaires *returns to the Hermit; and his Retinue leave him.*

THE King and his Daughter, with the Lords and Ladies, returned to the Palace, ever discourſing of the valiant Black Knight; and every one wiſhed to ſee him without Armour, that they might paſs their ſentiments on him, whether that would detract from his Comelineſs. It was the cuſtom, that after Supper all the Knights ſhould repair to Court, and with much complaſance and gallantry dance with the Ladies; wherefore many Lords came to ſee the Black Knight; and the King and *Helena* much deſired the ſame happineſs: But *Olivaires*, by advice of the Cavalier who was his Conducter, did not go, but retired to the Hermit, where a moſt plentiful Supper was prepared, to refreſh him after ſo great toil, and a good

a good Bed to reſt his weary Limbs; and when he was got to this ſacred Lodging, and ſet down to Table, his whole Court and Attendance vaniſh'd. So *Olivaires* was left alone with the Hermit, to whom he related the Tranſactions of that day, and told of the rich dreſs, and ſplendid appearance of the moſt beautiful *Helena*. After having prayed, and paid thanks unto God, he went to take his repoſe; the mean while that *Olivaires* was at the Hermitage, the King made all the Company ſit down in a large Hall, and entertain'd them with all ſorts of Muſical Inſtruments; but the little time ſeemed to every one of them an Eternity, whilſt they expected the Black Knight's Appearance at the Feaſt; ſo in Dancing they paſſed half of the Night: Then *Helena* ſeeing that the Black Cavalier would not be ſo kind as to make them happy with his preſence, cauſed Supper to be brought up, where was wonderful plenty of all ſorts of the richeſt Wines,

Sweet-meats, and whatever Dainties and Good-cheer were requiſite for making up a moſt ſumptuous and unparallell'd Feaſt; then ſhe retir'd with her Ladies to her Chamber, and the King and all the Knights went to reſt, and fit themſelves for the ſecond Day's Turnament.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of Olivaires *coming to the Turnament, and of the Dreſſes, and of his Victory.*

NExt Morning, when day appeared, *Olivaires* riſe from his Bed, and went to prayers with the Hermit; and when the Devotions were over, he opened the Door, and ſaw his Knight coming towards him with a Veſture of Crimſon Velvet, which reached down to his Feet, and his Retinue clad in Red, with high mettl'd Steeds deck'd with Trappings of Cloth of Gold, with golden Bridles and Ornaments

ments of beaten Gold admirable to look upon; two Pages led by the Bridle a moſt gallant and Warlike Horſe, Blood-ſpeckled, and on his Saddle-bow he bore a Helmet much more beautiful and ſtrong than the former, and alſo other noble Armour which *Olivaires* in a trice was armed with: And having left the holy Father to the Divine Protection, they went to the Turnament; when they were arrived at the Piazza, they found that *Helena*, with the King and the Ladies had already got into their Seats to behold the Juſting, and give the glory to the Victor. He, having firſt paid low reſpects unto them, began to gallop about, and make trial of his new-made Steed, and he appeared as if it had been the God of Battel deſcended from above to ſubdue the World: And after he had ſhew'd his dexterity in managing, leaping, and courſing his Horſe, he broke a ſtrong Lance againſt the ground, whoſe Splinters were burnt to Aſhes in the Element

ment of Fire, so far they flew aloft; every one became astonished to see the Red Knight do such amasing things as he performed; yet known by all to be the same who the day before was Victor at the Tilting: These admired Preludes being ended, the King of *Scotland*'s Son enter'd the Lists attended on by many armed Knights, the King of *Ireland*, the Duke of *Britany*, the Duke of *Borbon*, the Earl of *Flanders*, with an innumerable Company of lusty and honourable Cavaliers. All the Combatants and Maintainers of the Fray having enter'd the Field, 'twas judged three thousand had passed on either side; the Standard of Victory was defended by sixty Knights; and he who would have the honour of that day was to take it by force after the Combating: All the Combatants had only one Lance apiece, and that being broken, they were with Faucheons to determine the Victory. So from that part where the King was, proclamation was given. *Olivaires*,

as

as Victor of the Field, took his Stand before the fair *Helena*, and raviſh'd with the ſplendor of her beauteous Eyes, as much as was ſufficient to continue him Victor, made a Challenge with motion of his Lance to combat whatever Champion would come againſt him. Suddenly the Trumpet and Military Inſtruments began to ſound, which cauſed the higheſt Heavens to re-eccho: King *Maquenor* would be the firſt to make proof of his Lance, becauſe he hated *Olivaires*, for that he had got the better of him the day before; and ſpurring on his Horſe, he came furiouſly up to ſmite him; but *Olivaires* ſtruck him into the Breaſt, and having paſt his Armour, ſtabb'd him to the Heart, ſo that down he falls dead on the ground; and alſo two other Cavaliers came to incounter him in poliſh'd ſhining Armour; he dealt like haſty Death, or laid them wounded flat on the Plain; ſo the Fray was ſpread from one part to the other,

and

and *Olivaires* appeared like a Lion among ſo many Herds, wounding and tearing Heads, Limbs, Bones, Fleſh and Nerves; diſmounting many, and breaking the Horſes Necks, or daſhing their Brains out againſt the ground by a rapid overthrowing them: And when it came afreſh into his mind, that for a divine Lady he was acting all this, it inſpir'd double ſtrength, and gave increaſe to his daring hardineſs: His Sword was dy'd red with Blood, and his Arm was bath to his Elbow, and his Gantlet was full of, and all ſteep'd in Blood; his blows were more violent at the latter end, than in the beginning of the Battel; he cours'd about the Field from one ſide to the other, ſmiting, and laying proſtrate all that offer'd to oppoſe him; ſo he made ſuch way before him by his Valour, that he could eaſily gain the Standard without Blood, all ſcampering away; wherefore with great vigor, and fierce aſpect, he ſpurs forward,

ward, and preſs'd into the midſt of the Sixty Knights, alone, without aid from any part; and laying hold on the ſhaft, wreſts it out of the hand of the ſtrongeſt man amongſt them: This brave Exploit did above all the reſt pleaſe the Judges, the King, and *Helena*, who was troubled at ſo much Blood being ſhed upon her account; but with great difficulty he broke forth from the crowd of the Horſes and Men, holding faſt the Standard in his Hand, and well commanding his Horſe, and defending himſelf, and repulſing the Knights came on him to redeem their Honour; then not being able to make any defence, and ſeeing the Standard born away, all the Knights fled, and the Combatants, as worſted and overcome, retired. Now *Olivaires*'s Knight came to ſalute him with all his Train, and embrac'd him, and gave him much joy and honour of his Conqueſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

After his Victory at the Turnament, the Valiant Olivaires *returns to the Hermit; and of* Helena's *compassion towards the slain and wounded Cavaliers.*

Olivaires was the last went out of the Piazza, for all the Cavaliers were gone to their Quarters, as was said, and the Dead were carried forth to be buried; and *Helena* offering to go away with the Judges and Ladies, *Olivaires* call'd for another Horse, and having mounted him, he perform'd such Feats, that the Judges thought him some infernal *Dæmon*, and not a Man; and every one admir'd how the Saddle could keep on, much more the Rider: Then said the King, If the Turnament had continued three days longer, he would have extinguished our whole State, and also those of his Encounterers; and he had a very peculiar kindness for him.

him. He, ſtaying his Horſe, with a reverend bow took leave, and then went off, and return'd to his Hermit; and his Cavalier vaniſh'd, and went to make proviſion for the next day: At Evening *Helena* had a mind to ſup with the King, and at Table began to ſay to him after this manner. My Soveraign and Father, whom above all things I love, ſtand in awe of, and venerate; I beſeech you that you would put a period to ſo great Cruelty, and no further give leave that ſuch brave and honourable Cavaliers ſhould be ſlain as we have ſeen to day; wherefore if your Majeſty has any affection for me, be pleaſed to end the Turnament, or ſo order it, that the Combatants may not die; for if I had imagined I ſhould have occaſion'd ſo much blood-ſhedding, I would rather have made a moſt ſolemn Vow never to have married; and, if it lay in my power, to hinder it, I would not conſent to any further Conteſt. The King very kindly thus return'd anſwer.

swer. Daughter, the true Retainer and Upholder of my Blood, do not think that I have past the time of this Festival, with its Appendages, without great trouble; and that the death of so many Knights and Kings does not yet continue to afflict me; but in such Encounters it cannot be help'd; and it is customary and ordinary for them to be slain, as in all other Combats 'tis wont to happen. However, to morrow I will so order it, that they shall not so easily hurt one another, and a safer way and method shall be given them; and this I do promise you upon my Royal Word. *Helena* with this took leave (the Repast ended) and retir'd with her Ladies into her Chamber, and would not stay the Ball, being a little indispos'd, and weary.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Olivaires is Victor at the Torney the third day; and is conducted by the King's Order, and by the Grandees of the Court is lookt upon as a wonder and prodigy.

THE King the next morning had a desire to know the number of the Slain, and the Qualities and Ranks both of the Cavaliers and Kings; and having known too much, he was exceedingly grieved; for on each side infinite numbers were kill'd: Then he order'd some of his Kingdom and Court to succeed in the places of those Champions who were wounded and dead; but if his Majesty had been rightly sensible what duty he put them upon, he would rather have sent them on any other Adventure than this, whither they would have gone with much greater alacrity and willingness; for the dread of *Olivaires*

Blows

Blows ſtruck terror into the very gods, much more into Mortal Compoſitions : The hour being now come, and the Combatants marching up in their Ranks, as was the cuſtom, they order'd a Battel on foot ; and *Olivaires* appear'd all in White in his upper Veſture, which was beautiful and amazing ; then ſuddenly proclamation was made, That every one ſhould alight from his Horſe, and lay down his Sword, and arm himſelf defenſively as he pleaſed ; and, for offenſive Weapons, Arms were given to every one, ſuch as might not ſo eaſily kill ; and every one that broke his Weapon, or chanc'd to fall, was to have no advantage taken of him ; all this was ſo ordered for the Lady's ſake ; and after that the Reward ſhould be render'd to the Victor ; the Trumpets then ſounding, Flutes playing, Drums beating, the Combat begun. *Olivaires* was quickly diſcover'd by his ſtrewing the ground with men, ſhattering of Helmets, tearing Coats

of

of Mail, crumbling Bracelets like broken Glass; and his Weapon was so hard labour'd, that it flew in pieces; wherefore a Knight thirsting for revenge, thought to have reach'd him a Blow not very soft; but *Olivaires* nimbly slipt aside, and the stroke hit upon the ground; but when he had got arm'd again, he quickly made a clear road through them all. The King of *Ireland*, with the other Kings, and Barons, seeing that the Black, Red, and White Knight got all the Victory, five of them combin'd together, and all of them with the utmost effort of their strength came up against him to kill him; but *Olivaires* observing their Fury, did with great hardiness await them; and to the first he gave such a blow, as made the rest fly back, and him recoil as far as under the Scaffold where fair *Helena* sat. The King seeing that *Olivaires* would have destroyed them every one, so mightily was he enraged at their foul Play, quickly threw down the Baston for concluding

the

the Turnament; and ſo the third Day's Combat ended to the great honour, and immortal fame of the White Knight.

CHAP. XXIX.

Olivaires, *the Turnament ended, is conducted into a Palace: And of various Accidents all tending to his Advantage and Honour.*

THE King order'd an hundred armed Lords to wait upon the Black, Red, and White Knight, at his coming out of the Piazza, who therefore were in expectation of *Olivaires*. Now when the Turnament was ended, he found himſelf alone, without his Knight, and without any Page, or Horſe, which marvelouſly ſurprized him; and, looking up toward Heaven, he ſaid within himſelf: What anvantage is my Valour unto me? for what end do I expoſe my Life?

Life? why was I born into this unhappy World? why, when on the pinnacle of my Honours, am I ſo harraſſed by, and made the mark of ſpightful Fortune? And being thus alone, he was going away for the Hermitage; but when he was near the Paſſage, out from the Piazza, he ſaw Knights who came toward him; at which he was ſurprized, and took it for the *Iriſh* King coming to aſſault him for the hatred he bore him for his mighty Proweſs; but he reſolved not to die without revenge; ſo, laying hold on his Sword, he boldly made up to them; but their Chieftain diſmounting, threw his Arms away; ſaying, That by the King's Order they came to ſhew their reſpect; and that his Majeſty deſired to reward him according to the merit of his Valour. *Olivaires* kindly received their Ambaſſage, and courteouſly anſwered, that he was intirely at their King's ſervice; ſo

was

was conducted by them into a moſt ſtately and glorious Palace, and by Noble Attendance was brought into a Chamber furniſhed and adorn'd for the entertainment of a King. *Olivaires* finding himſelf alone, was almoſt in deſpair, and grieved ſore on account of the Cavalier, who had relinquiſhed him in his greateſt neceſſity. What, ſaid he, muſt I appear in this Garb before *Helena*? Muſt I be preſented to ſo Auguſt a Monarch in ſo mean and forlorn a Condition? but no ſooner had he ſpoke this within himſelf, but his Cavalier came in with vaſt ſtore of rich Veſtures, Ornaments, Silver and Gold.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

Of Olivaires *rich Veſtments his Cavalier gave him, Horſes, Pages, and other Attires of great Perſons.*

THE Airy Cavalier brought with him twenty Squires with Veſtments for him all of Damask and white Silk, and forty Pages with Silver, Furniture, and Gold: Two Black Slaves carried a Mail on their Shoulders with ten thouſand double Duckets of Silver, and twenty thouſand Duckets of Gold, with Jewels of more value than two hundred Shields: And the Knight ſaid to him, Theſe are all your Servants, and theſe Veſtments are yours, and I will further add to them forty men loaden with all ſorts of Utenſils requiſite to furniſh a ſumptuous Houſe; and give theſe your Servants ſuch Places and Offices as you ſhall think fit. *Olivaires*, remember your Promiſe, ſaid he, and

 diſ-

disappear'd; great variety of Suits and Dresses he found, which much delighted him; and a wonderful Supper being prepared, he dofft his Armour, and refreshed himself; in that juncture came the hundred Knights to cheer him, and attend on him, by the King's Commandment; who after meat, stayed in the Hall expecting the Victor of the Turnament. Then *Olivaires* put on a Wastcoat all richly embroyder'd with Gold, and Stockings of fine Scarlet, curiously wrought by the hand of Art, with Shooes of Crimson Velvet, and then an upper Vesture of Cloth of Gold, with a Bonnet of Red Velvet, within which was a Jewel of the value of a Kingdom, with a Plume, according to the Royal fashion of Carnation Feathers; and, having buckled on his Sword, he went down stairs for Court; where he found a delicate white Steed with a Saddle of Cloth of Gold, and Stirrops of Massy Gold, and for every thing else richly furnished. He had fifty Horses in his

Court

Court admirably adorn'd; and he having mounted, they went to the Palace; and every Page bore two Torches; wherefore the ſight of ſuch a beauteous approaching Court, with all the gay Retinue, ſeemed one of the braveſt pieces of Grandeur that ever eye beheld.

CHAP. XXXI.

Olivaires *being arrived at the Palace, is honourably received of the King, the Lords, and Ladies.*

GReat concourſe there was to ſee *Olivaires*; and when they had taken thorough notice of him, they ſaid, Truly this Cavalier has all the Perfections and Graces can be deſir'd in a Prince; he was comely in Armour, yet more comely without it; in the one Dreſs he exhibited the air and mien of Valour, in the other of Nobility; his Aſpect, Deportment, and

Presence, declared him of the highest Extraction and Lineage in the World: The Ladies all hast'ned to *Helena*, to tell her, they had never beheld a more comely Cavalier, and that they never expected to see a more lovely Youth. *Helena* discreetly kept secret her flames, neither could they discern by any discovery of her self, whether this Character delighted her or no. *Olivaires* having enter'd the Royal Hall, was with great complacency received by the King; and all the Cavaliers paid him high respects; and though many there were who had bore him hatred out of envy to his Valour, yet when they look'd on his gracious Countenance, and heard his wise Discourses, became his sincere Friends as well as Admirers; the King, having taken him by the hand, and made him sit down by himself, talk'd of divers things with him, and with all *Olivaires*'s, whether Questions or Answers, was extremely satisfy'd. *Helena* put on Claoths which had never been

been seen before, and richly adorned, and loaden'd with Precious Stones, and Oriental Pearls, (according as the King had commanded) she came into the Hall; whose appearance shew'd like that of rising *Aurora* with an infinite number of Stars about her; two hundred Ladies attended her, and a hundred Knights with golden Spurs marched before her; two Dutchesses bore up her Train, and two Dukes led her on each side: Surely if that *Helena*, whose Beauty was so fatal to the *Trojan* State, had been by her, she would have appear'd like *Cynthia* before the rays of the Sun. When she was come into the midst, the Dukes returned her Hands; then she kissed her Father's Hand, and her Father took hers and gave it to *Olivaires*; who kneeling kissed it, and spoke very high Expressions to her, yet not Complements, which were not ungrateful only because he said them: So the one was fetter'd, and fast Prisoner in *Venus*'s Tramels, and the other

was deep smitten with the Darts of *Cupid.*

CHAP. XXXII.

Olivaires *has the first place by the King, for the love he bore him for his Combating, according to the judgment of the King, and the Overseers of the Turnament.*

THE King taking *Helena* with the one hand, and *Olivaires* with the other, made them sit down, placing himself betwixt them; immediately the Musick struck up, and a brisk and gallant Dancing there was, but not long. After which, lo! the Judges of the Turnament coming to know of the King if they must give Sentence, and the reward to him most merited it; to whom he gave order to do so; then they retired, and went for the honourable Prize of the Tilting: The mean while the King turning

ing to his Daughter *Helena*, ſpoke plainly enough to her; Who, dear Child, appeared to you the moſt Valorous in this Combat? *Helena* reply'd, I minded them, Sir, all alike, and every one ſeemed to perform well. Underſtand, Governeſs of my Soul, ſaid the King, that the Preſent will quickly be brought, and given to him whom the Judges ſhall ſentence the moſt deſerving; and that he is alſo to be your Husband, and the Heir of the Kingdom: Wherefore I deſire to know how your Inclications are? H'm whom your Majeſty ſhall think of, and whom your Royal Judgment ſhall moſt approve, and him (in ſhort) whom you ſhall name and recommend to me, I ſhall willing accept of for my Spouſe, Lord, and Guardian of my Life. If the Black, Red, and White Cavalier (ſubjoin'd the King) we ſhould make choice of for his Merits, would you be ſo ſatisfy'd; although we yet be ignorant who he is? If, my Sovereign and Father, the Judges

ſhall think him worthy of the Prize, to defraud him of it would be high injuſtice; however, your Majeſty's Will and Pleaſure ſhall intirely be mine.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of the words the King ſpoke, and the Reward that was given to Olivaires.

THE King of *Ireland*, of *Scotland*, and of other Dominions, with the Dukes, Princes, and Barons of their Realms, were ſet down, when the King order'd ſilence, and then thus ſaid: Signories, High Empires, States, and Kingdoms; preſently will the Judges and Lords be here with the Reward of the Turnament; and to whom my ſmall Preſent ſhall be given, the ſame alſo ſhall eſpouſe my Daughter and only Child, and have all *England* for her Dowry; but I will that that Prince, Lord, or King, remain

main some time in my Court, that I may have experience of his Valour in all Exploits, and after understand his Lineage and Descent, and then may he enjoy the Crown. Let now then the Prize be brought and adjudged to him who got the greatest Honour, and was Victor of the Turnament. First came 30 Pages with lighted Torches in their hands, and after 30 most noble Cavaliers; then followed 10 Pages in gold Embroidery, with Torches also, in midst of which were 6 Knights clad in Cloth of Gold, and in the midst of them a Duke all in Armour, who carried a golden Bason, and in it a Neck-chain of Gold, interwoven with Jewels, and so wonderfully wrought, that the very sight of it alone was a transport for all Humane kind; and it might be said to have been one of the Wonders of the World; nor could the value of those Jewels be estimated; and after followed the Judges with an infinite number of Knights and Gentlemen; and, being so placed that every one

might conveniently be a Spectator, they came before the King speaking to this effect.

CHAP. XXXIV.

The rich Neck-chain is given to the Valiant Olivaires, *at which many of the Kings are filled with disdain, it appearing to them that an unknown Knight was not worthy of such a Present.*

MAY it please your Majesty, Dread Sovereign, we were appointed by your Majesty to be Judges for the Victor at Tilting, and at the Combats on Horseback, and on foot; which Province we willingly accepted of, and have diligently observed according to our skill, the Blows, the Hardiness, the Valour and Force of every King, Duke, Prince, and Lord, and we freely give witness that every one of them has made honourable proof

proof of right Chivalry; but, to our thinking, the Flower of all, and he who has merited your Majesty's peculiar Favour and Present, is that Cavalier who was clad the first day in Black, the second in Red, and the third in White; which valorous Knight is the same that sits by your Majesty, the deservedly designed Heir of your Kingdom; and although we be ignorant of his Country, and Name, yet we are ascertain'd he is come of a Royal Race, and has Illustrious Blood in his Veins, because such kind of Valour does not lodge in any other Personages, save those who by such Extraction can appear thus worthy of a Crown; wherefore, with your Majesty's leave, and good liking, we will present the Gift to him: The King being well contented, made sign to them to do so; the Duke then turning to *Olivaires*, took the Chain and put it about his Neck, saying unto him, Your Valour which has conquered so many Couragious Knights,

adorns

adorns you with this Gift, a Testimony of the King of *England*'s Kindness; and, when his Majesty shall think convenient time, you are to espouse *Helena*, his only Daughter, and be crown'd King of the Realm: Believe me, reply'd *Olivaires*, I do not seem to my self to have done any thing to merit this; but since it is the King's Bounty, I am very well pleased. So he accepted of the Present and Promise; and bowing low to the King, and *Helena*, in a most eloquent Speech he returned them large thanks for their Liberality. And to the Judges, and to the whole Hall, he also gave infinite Thanks; and 'twas judged by all that heard him, that he was the finest Courtier of the World; and every one considering his comely Regal Aspect, his Martial Valour, Boon Grace, Deportment, Mein, and Eloquence, even wept for very joy; the King taking him by the Hand, and kissing his Forehead, set him in his place again; then a thousand Instruments

ments began again to play, making infinite delight and festivity.

CHAP. XXXV.

The Cavalier who was Olivaires *so great Friend, and furnished him with Arms at the Justing, appears in a Dream to* Helena, *and of a Vision the King had.*

THE morning after, about break of day, the King had this Vision. He dream'd he saw *Olivaires* crown'd King of his Realm, and that he had given him his Daughter; then he beheld another Crown come over his Head, and settle upon that, much greater than the former he had given him, and it doubled his Court, Retinue, and Riches; and it appeared to him so August, that he himself bow'd to it: Therefore, seeing Fortune had been so extraordinary kind unto him, to send him such a Cavalier for his Son, he

he was mightily overjoy'd, and the transport awak'd him; and revolving this Vision in his mind, he was imagining with himself what it might signify: And musing earnestly, he fell asleep again; and other Kings appeared to come upon him with design to take that Crown from off his head, saying, It was not fit he should wear two Crowns; but he being moved at their Presumption, seemed by force to bind their Hands behind them, and to take the Crown off the Head of every one of them; to whom, after they had humbled themselves unto him, *Olivaires* gave every one their own again; and at this he awaken'd. The King did admire at the Vision, and assur'd himself 'twas a Divine one, and no natural play of Fancy, and happy Mystery in it; so he treasur'd it up in his memory, and was fill'd with great joy. When the Morning was further advanc'd, he went to visit his Daughter *Helena*, whom he found more than ordinary pleasant, and delighted;

lighted; and inquiring the occasion of it, she said she had had about break of day a most pleasing Dream, which was, That she seemed to be walking in a Garden of fine Flowers; whence were many gay delightful and odoriferous ones, cast as if they had flown into her Bosom, and Lap; and that a Cavalier, whom she knew not, clad all in white, pluck'd one, and gave it into her Hand; that smelling to it, she thought she never scented a more ravishing flavour; and having a mind to put it into her Bosom, it turn'd to a Ring, the most curious one that ever she beheld; and the Cavalier vanish'd, with telling her that was the *Spanish* King's: Whereupon she awak'd out of her sleep, and found the Ring in truth in her hand, and she shewed it to her Father; the King being stupify'd at so amazing a thing, said, Certainly some grand Effect will follow upon our new Alliance; and taking it into his hand, he was more astonished still, knowing it to

be

be of ineſtimable value; and ſaid, that a more precious thing he never ſaw. She ſubjoin'd, The Cavalier who gave it me, ſaid that it was a King's, but I cannot remember the reſt, I was ſo over-maſter'd with tranſport that moment; the King with her leave put it on his Finger, and injoin'd her to ſpeak nothing at all of it, and parted from her.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

How Olivaires *seeing the Ring on the King's Finger, knew it to be his Father's, and marvelled extreamly; but for that it was not known, he made as if he saw it not, and was ignorant of the Matter.*

THE King being at Table, and having the Ring on his Finger, every one cast their Eyes upon it; for that, from the Stone was in it, issued out Rays so bright, that they resembled a Flame; so that the sight could not long sustain the dazzle. When *Olivaries* saw it, he quickly knew it to be his Fathers; and often dubious in his Mind, and revolving things to and fro, he at last concluded to be silent. The King enter'd into various Discourses with *Olivaires*, and in inoffensive manner enquired after his Name and Blood; who replied my Name is *Olivaires*; and for my Blood

it

it is as noble as your Majesty shall please to make it. The King proceeded no further for that time; and was well satisfy'd, and so likewise was *Helena*. The King sought not after his Nation, for his Speech manifestly enough declared that. After Dinner the King of *Ireland*, the King of *Scotland*'s Son, and other Dukes, Lords, Counts and Knights, came to take leave of the King: And kindly embracing every one of them, he made them many Royal Presents; and doing them the Honour to accompany them a little way, he dismiss'd them. When these Potentates were gone, they enter'd into a Combination by Oath, to bring a vast Army against *England* to destroy it; thinking the King had put an affront on their Crowns, in preferring before them an unknown Knight. Also they further discours'd, among themselves, whence *Olivaires* might have such honorable Attendance, with Cloaths, Arms, Horses and Pages. One said

he

he was the King of *England* in disguise; other, that he was a *Spanish* Cavalier, whom Love had drawn thither, which they judg'd by his Speech, and for that his Dress and Garb were after the Fashion of that Province; other, that the King by Art Magic had made him prostrate, and kill without any their ill Management. Wherefore they were all unanimously resolved to have Revenge, taking to Heart the Death of so many of their Cavaliers: And with this Disposition they returned to their Cantons, States, and Kingdoms.

CHAP. XXXVII.

The King of England *sends secretly, into diverse parts of his Kingdom, for the interpretation of his Dream, and he has it.*

THE Dream was interpreted after this manner, That the King that should by him be Crown'd King

King of the Realm, ſhould alſo be King of another, and wear a greater Crown than his, and that he ſhould pay him Reverence. Then the Second Dream ſignify'd, That thoſe other Kings would attempt to extort from him the Realm of *England*; that the Second Crown would take away their State and Kingdom; and after courteouſly reſtore them again. His Daughter's Dream was likewiſe expounded, That ſhe ſhould be eſpous'd to a King, the Son, as it were, among other Princes, as that Ring intimated; and if ſhe could tell from what part the Ring came, the King of that State ſhould be her Husband. By the White Cavalier, who gave the Ring, could be underſtood no other than that Cavalier, who was Victor at the Turnament, was clad the third Day in White, and who would give her again the Ring. The King was pleaſed with the interpretation, and kept it ſecret in his Breaſt; and the rather, becauſe the Effects of all would quickly

ly appear, as he was assured by those who opened to him the Vision.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

A sad Accident befalling Olivaires, *who was brought to himself only by the means of* Helena.

Olivaires having remained some time in the Court, and being in continual expectation of the King's Promise, that he would give him the fair *Helena* to Wife, pass'd Nights and Days in imagining to himself the Hour, the Moment, the Manner, the Joy, and his intire Happiness. But yet for all his ruminating, he could not see any effect answer his Thoughts, nor could perceive any act or sign of Love express'd to him; so that on the other hand, he was afflicted and tormented incessantly, and could get no rest nor comfort. At length a violent amorous Accident befel him: For being in a deep and fixed Musing, in Presence

Presence of the King, with many Nobles, he fainted, and fell down as dead. Whereupon he was immediately carried to his Chamber, and the Physicians were brought, and many Remedies prepared; but they could not with any recover him out of his Swoon. This dire Accident of *Olivaires* came to *Helena*'s Ear; and she, as knowing his Malady, and who secretly loved him, with various contrivances, and great caution, convey'd her self where her *Olivaires* lay in this *Deliquium*, and calling loud to him, for she would try all means; she approached near unto him, and laid her hand upon his Forehead; which he begun to be sensible of, and look'd up as one awak'd out of sleep. And truly, I think, he would never have come to himself and life again, had not *Helena*'s Spirits revived his, whose very touch did emit enough to cure him. Wherefore being recover'd of this Accident, he was very thankful to the King and *Helena*, for the care they had

had taken of him: And leaving him to reſt, the King and *Helena* departed. At Night, in the beginning of her ſleep, the White Cavalier appeared to *Helena*, and begg'd of her to tamper with the King to give her to *Olivaires* for his Conſort, in as much as ſhe would have for a Husband the braveſt Hero in the World; telling her, that for this cauſe, he had given her the Ring, which quickly ſhe ſhould ſee on *Olivaires* Hand: And ſo vaniſh'd. *Helena*, keeping the Viſion in her Mind, in the Morning deck'd her ſelf in the richeſt Cloaths and Dreſſes that ſhe had, and deſign'd to reveal the Matter to the King her Father, in the preſence of *Olivaires*. So ſhe procured of the King to go and dine with *Olivaires* in his Chamber, who after invited him to come and eat with him. Thus having got her End; as they were at Table many pleaſant Diſcourſes paſſed between them. At length, in the height of the King's Mirth, two Couriers came

to

to interrupt it, accompanying ſome Ambaſſadors from the Kings of *Ireland*, and *Scotland*, with the following Speech.

CHAP. XXXIX.

The Challenge made by the Iriſh *Kings to the King of* England; *and the King's Anſwer, and that of* Olivaires.

AFter they had pay'd their due Obeiſance to the King, they made a ſurpriſing Oration of the Motives their Sovereigns had to wage War againſt his Majeſty. And after this manner was their Speech, That Great Sovereign of Sovereigns, the all Wiſe Creator of Heaven and Earth, protect and proſper the Potent Kings of *Ireland*, who challenge to battel the ſacred Crown of *England*, and ſay you are not worthy of it; wherefore they are prepared to take from you

you your State and Kingdom, and will come with Arms to ſhed your Blood, and with Fire to deſtroy your Palaces: And thus much I am Commiſſioned to ſay of my Sovereigns the Kings of *Ireland*, worthy of all Power and Empire. When the King of *England* had heard theſe proud Words, conſcious of his Innocency, and the good will he always bore their Royal Majeſties, he took it in ſo high diſdain, that it ſtopt his Speech, that he could not get a word out. And ſuddenly he call'd to mind his Dream, and the interpretation of it; and turning his Eyes this way, and that way, on his Nobles, Dukes, and Knights, and ſeeing none anſwer any thing, or ſay a word, nor himſelf being able to ſpeak as he had a deſire, he riſes on his Feet, with intention to commit the task to *Olivaires*; and, at the ſame time make him eſpouſe his Daughter. Upon which *Olivaires*, riſing from his Seat, ſpoke theſe words: Puiſſant Prince, with all Re-

verence and Humility, I beg of your ſacred Majeſty to do me the favour, to let me be the Man who ſhall return anſwer to the Ambaſſadors of the unworthy Kings of *Ireland*. At this the King ſpies his Ring on *Olivaire*'s Finger, and much marvelled: Wherefore the anſwer the King gave him was, Thou art my Son. And taking *Helena*'s hand and his, and joyning 'em together, he ſaid, This is your Conſort; and in token thereof he kiſs'd them both, and made him kiſs *Helena*; which fill'd all the Court with exceeding Joy; and they were much delighted to hear the News of a War. Now, ſaid the King to *Olivaires*, Take upon you to give anſwer, and to fight for, and defend your Kingdom. *Olivaires* after he had apply'd himſelf to the King, and ſpoke what he thought ſuitable on ſuch an occaſion; turn'd to the Ambaſſadors, and ſaid, Tell your Maſters that *Olivaires* of *Caſtile* (the humbleſt of the King of *England*'s Servants) and legitimate

King

King of *Spain*, and the Crown'd Succeſſor of the Realm of *England*, will come and make them ſenſible of the Error they are in, and give them cauſe to repent of their Inſolence. When the King and *Helena* underſtood that *Olivaires* was the King of *Spain*, they were ſo filled with Amazement and Joy, as the like was never heard, or can be conceiv'd. Wherefore they began to entertain for him a vaſt reſpect; and the whole Court for this great News was tranſported, triumphed, and looked big.

CHAP. XL.

The departure of the Ambaſſadors; and what Olivaires *ſaid to them.*

Olivaires did much Compliment and Careſs the Ambaſſadors, and retain'd them a Day longer than they deſign'd to ſtay: Then ſpoke thus to them at their departure; Our

most Christian Sovereign and Virtuous Father has been pleased of his bounteous Goodness to accomplish his Promise upon me. Therefore acquaint your Masters how I have sworn not to return back from this Enterprize to my Father's Court, until I have taken from them all their Cities, and made every one of them Prisoners; to manifest to the World what Tyrants they are, and Usurpers of their undeserved Thrones: So, having presented 'em with fine Horses, he dismissed them. *Olivaires* had made plain discovery of himself to the King; and *Helena* had understood a great part of his Secrets, and had seen the Visions were come to pass, and that the matter of the Ring was clearly apparent. Wherefore the King judging by what had already happened, also of that which was to come, and hopefully foreseeing all would prosperously succeed, ordered a mighty Army to be made ready, of more than Ten thousand

sand well armed Horsemen, and bravely mounted; and Infantry innumerable, with Pikes, Javelins, and other Weapons suitable to those times; and made *Olivaires* Generalissimo of all. Who having accepted of so honourable Preferment and Command, said, I do not intend, till I return again, to make *Helena* my Wife; till by my Valour in Exploits at Arms I may, in some degree, have shown my self not altogether unworthy of her Favour. The Affection *Helena* bore *Olivaires* was so great, that his departure was death to her; the separation of him, the Soul, from her the Body. But being well assured of his Courage, she bore her Grief moderately, through good hopes of Conquest; and comforted her self with the Visions. In few Days he, with his well-armed Forces, were on their march: And the Kings were arrived for the overthrow of *England* with a vast Army, Valorous and Strong; so they went on ruinating and burning the Villages,

and ravaging the Countrey. At *Olivaire*'s departure, his Spouse, *Helena*, put a rich Necklace about his Arm, which she had always worn about her Neck; and for his Neck making also Ornaments. She utter'd these Votes, May he who delivered *Jonas* from out of the Deep, of his Mercy and Goodness preserve my noble Spouse, and worthy of universal Reign, *Olivaires*, in all Perils which may happen unto him; and may he be pleased to give him Victory, as he did to *David* against the Giant *Goliah*. Then she embracing, kissed him; and also the King embraced him, and with the blessing of God he left the Palace, and went to his Army.

CHAP. XLI.

Of the Battel Olivaires *had with the Kings of* Ireland; *and of their Army.*

THE *Iriſh* Kings were incamped round a City containing Ten thouſand Families; and in five Days journey *Olivaires* arrived within half a League of them; and Marſhalling his Army in right order, he made them to underſtand he was come to give them Battel. The Sight and Preſence of *Olivaires* ſtruck mighty Terror into the Kings; nor did they think of ſo ſudden Engagement: Wherefore they raiſed the Siege from before the Town, and drew out their Camp into more convenient Method for fight. *Olivaires* had got good Intelligence of the Enemy's Forces, was informed of their Number, which a third part exceeded his; knew the places of the Countrey the Enemy

might fly to, and ſave themſelves. Wherefore having accommodated and provided every thing, and given all his Soldiers Arms, and ranked 'em in fit poſture for Combat, he made unto them this ſhort Oration; Valorous Lords, worthy Knights, my Brethren and Companions, I believe you are well ſatisfi'd of the good Nature of our Sovereign, the King of *England*, my Father, and of the great Liberality he hath expreſſed toward you in Gifts, Preſents, and fair Promiſes: And, I believe, that you have a Courage lodged in your Breaſts ready to requite, as much as you are capable, what he has deſerved of you. But this I am moſt ſure of, as a ſhining Truth, that the Glory of an honourable Death, is far rather to be elected than the living with more eaſe (and perhaps not ſo, even to the moſt faint-hearted) under the brand of Cowardiſe, and conſequently the diſgrace of Scorn and Affronts. This Day therefore offers a fair Opportunity to make

honourable Proof of our Valours, and to dilate the Soul of our King, to harbour ſtill greater Kindneſs and Affection (if it be poſſible) for us all. And I can plainly behold in all your looks Hardineſs, and a riſing Courage, and a longing after Battel and Fame, and for the rendering more honourable and noble your Blood. Summon up then all your Strength and Vigour, and contract them into a ſtout Heart, to expel out of your Dominions ſuch arrogant, haughty and proud Invaders, and ſpread abroad their Infamy and Diſgrace, whilſt you procure to your ſelves a happy Memory, and leave the inheritance of a valorous Name upon your Families; and whoſoever is of another temper, is a reproach and ſhame to his native Countrey. Here they all with one conſent cry'd aloud, We are ready to undergo a thouſand Deaths for our King, for your Highneſs, and for our own Honour, and we will follow you whereſoever you ſhall lead; and we will give ſuch demon-

ſtrations both of our Fidelity and Courage, as to make you plainly underſtand how much we think our ſelves engaged to our Sovereign, and how mindful we are of our Allegiance. *Olivaires* having drawn out his Men, divided them into three Parts; on the right Wing he ſet 3000 Horſe, and 4000 Foot, under the Command of *Edward* the noble *Engliſh* Cavalier; on the left he gave to *Robert*, his Lieutenant, the Command of 6000 Horſe, and 2000 Foot; ordering him not to aſſault the Enemy's Army, before *Edward* had joyn'd his Battalions. In the Night, with all the ſilence poſſible, he approach'd the Camp; and in the Morning he bid the Drums beat, and the Trumpets ſound; and heading the main Body himſelf, he gave the Adverſary Battel. The firſt that advanced to encounter *Olivaires*, was a fierce *Iriſh* Captain, Stout and Gallant; and engaging with him, two ſuch grand Blows were given, that the very Earth ſhook; both their

Horſes

Horſes fell, and their thick Launces were broken into a thouſand ſplinters. *Olivaires* quickly, without any harm received, roſe up on his Feet: But the diſmay'd Captain, with a piece of Launce ſticking in his Breaſt, remain'd on the ground half dead. And ſuddenly did begin a ſharp and terrible Fight, every one valiantly labouring his Sword, and ſlaſhing round about him; mean time *Edward* on the right Wing made but a bad Encounter of it: Whereupon he begun to ſquare his Ranks. And they of the City beholding an Army favourable to 'em, did great damage to their Reer, putting them in mighty Confuſion. This Aſſault being made in little time, *Robert*, during it, was in the Flank; and ſo violent was the Onſet, and ſo briskly did they bear up to them, that the Enemy conſtrained by *Olivaires*'s Valour (who having remounted like a Lion, made a vaſt Shammels) and freſh Aſſiſtances coming in from all Parts, being able

to

to make ſmall Oppoſition to their Fury, fled: Whereupon the Kings ran to catch their Bridles; and having obtained a Port, enter'd a Ship for ſail. Great was the Mortality of that day's Action; about Four thouſand *Engliſh* having been ſlain; and, we may venture to affirm it, near Twenty thouſand of the *Iriſh* King's Forces. So *Olivaires*, after Victory, diſpos'd himſelf to reſettle the Army, to take care of the Wounded, to bury the Dead, and to celebrate with Encomiums and Triumphs the valorous Deceaſed; acknowledging himſelf eternally obliged to the Living, for their admirable Fortitude and Courage, and, in a word, for the Victory.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

Of the News which the King receiv'd of the Victory; and of Olivaires, *who resolves to pursue the Enemy.*

COuriers were quickly dispatch'd away to Court, with *Olivaires*'s Letters, signifying the Victory unto the King; and having in a short time arrived at the Palace, and the News presented, the City and Kingdom were fill'd with great rejoycing; and with Bonefires, Feasts, and Triumphs, they gave mighty demonstrations of their gladness. *Helena* was much comforted, and a thousand times read over her dear *Olivaires*'s Letter, whom she lodged in her heart day and night: And another thousand by day discours'd with her Father of him in that respectful and decent manner as was agreeable, repeating to one another their Dreams, and had great satisfaction betwixt themselves. On the

the other part, *Olivaires* seemed not to himself to have performed any thing in putting the Enemy to flight, and was resolved to make a total destruction of, and perfect conquest over them. Wherefore, considering the slaughter he had made among them, he perceived they could not readily recruit their Army, fortify their Cities, act defensively and offensively, and so he resolved to follow them: His Soldiers therefore being refreshed, he caus'd them with quick dispatch to make a great many Ships; and having set his Army all in Order in a large Campaign, he went on Horseback into the midst of 'em, and thus spake: Most Noble Cavaliers, Valiant Combatants, my Brethren and Friends! I think my self very happy for having been Spectator of your Valours, and that the Enemy has felt your hands, how rough they are, and for this acknowledge kind Stars have shed their benign influence on me: But ah! what have we done in banishing them

out

out of our Territories? We muſt expel them their own; if it be a right Victory, there will be ſeen our Puiſſance in ſuch an enterprize; there will your Hardineſs, Valour, and Vertue appear. Are you pleaſed, Brethren and dear Friends, that we purſue them, and baniſh them out of their own Dominions? Are you pleaſed that we ſhould revenge our ſelves on ſo great an Affront? their preſumption to have driven us from our State, will it not be a juſt recompence to expel them theirs, to take from them their Kingdoms, their Cities, and Life? Whom would you have to take vengeance for this Inſolence offer'd? if we our ſelves have not reſentment enough to do it, how can you imagine our Poſterity ſhould have a warmth for it? Our Sovereign the King, ſeeing our brave and victorious Courage, will know how much we are the loving Children of the Father of our Country, and will be very grateful to, and abundantly reward us.

us. Which of you, my Lords, Knights, and Brethren, will follow me in this Enterprize, for gaining that which indeed hitherto we have not obtained? Then all with one voice answer'd they would follow him, and would lay down a thousand lives for the Crown of their Sovereign. *Olivaires* seeing their willingness, gave them many thanks, and told them, that by this Adventure they should surprize and come upon the Kings unawares; and that he feared not by their Fortitude and Valour to acquire a glorious Conquest.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

Olivaires *leaves* England, *and enters the Dominions of the Kings of* Ireland, *and lays siege to a strong City; and of his other Sieges and Fights.*

THE Ships and every thing being fitted, and all things whatever were needful, in readineſs, carrying Tents and Pavilions for the Camp, the next morning *Olivaires* departed, and imbarqu'd his whole Army; wherefore with a proſperous Gale he arrived in few days at an *Iriſh* Port, and got on Land ſooner than he could have expected: A fair Town ſtood upon the Haven compaſſed with Walls; and when the Inhabitants perceived that ſuch an Armado was coming upon them, they ſhut and barr'd their Gates, and put themſelves in poſture of defence; but quickly was the Town taken, and they put to the Sword; the ſame did *Olivaires* to two more, as alſo to a third, all large Towns;

Towns ; ſo that he ſtruck fear into the hearts of all the Country, and many Cities ſurrendered themſelves without reſiſtance ; and many of the Kingdom beholding the brave Valour of *Olivaires*, and contracting a love for him, went over to his ſide, and fought againſt their own Sovereigns. *Olivaires* in his march came unto a ſtrongly fortifi'd Paſs, where 'twas neceſſary for him to take a ſtrong and well-garriſon'd City, in which was the Son of the King who was kill'd at the Turnament; therefore he lay ſiege round it, and gave it a briſk Aſſault, but could not conquer it; and many were ſlain on both ſides: Mean while News flew all over the Kingdom, and came to the Ear of the Kings, that *Olivaires* was come, to the great damage of their Crowns; and that he had taken many places, that he would alſo take this City: Therefore giving order inſtantly for refitting the Soldiery, Foot and Horſe, and marching away with thoſe they had

had in readineſs, the Kings went to relieve the City, and engage with the Enemy. *Olivaires* having put his Army in good poſture, and ordered his Battalions in his Campaign, expected the Adverſary's Aſſault, being well prepared, in right method, and full of courage; 'twas in the morning when the Kings came upon them, and now the Armies confront each other; ſo the Drums beat, and to Arms. *Olivaires* confiding in God's Aſſiſtance, and alſo in derived Valour, thought fit to preſent himſelf before them, and to challenge the Kings to ſingle Combat one after another; judging it moſt certain, that after he had defeated their Chiefs, 'twould be eaſie to give a great blow to their vaſt Army with his little One. So he commanded 'em to leave off pitching their Tents; and when he had fought one or two of the Kings, the Army moved to engage the Enemy; and taking a ſtrong Launce, and flouriſhing it, he expoſed himſelf to publick view.

view. One of the Kings more foolhardy than truly valorous, yet in his own Conceit ſtouter than the reſt, haſtily mounted his Horſe, and with his Launce on his Thigh went to meet *Olivaires* turning about; and in the ſtrokes they gave each other, the King received a ſharp blow, whereby both Man and Horſe were caſt to the ground; ſo he was quickly taken Priſoner. Then a ſecond King ſuddenly aſſaulted *Olivaires*, and he was laid wounded on the ground. And now a cruel Battel was joyn'd; and for divers Hours the mad conteſt laſted. *Olivaires*'s Captains ſeemed ſo many Thunderbolts, which terrifi'd and ſtruck down the Enemy: And *Olivaires* by his mighty ſtrength, made a wide lane before him, infuſing Courage into his Soldiers, reducing them into Order; and running about here and there, as was need. The Noon time of Day being paſt, and the Armies being wearied, the Kings betook themſelves

to

to flight, seeing *Olivaires* making a large Shammels of their Army: So they gave their Horses the Reins, and Routed and Conquered, and with all speed fled away. All the Field run with Blood, and all the Victor's Soldiers were smeared with humane Gore: So the one Party fled, and the other withdrew; and Night coming on, the Battel ceased. *Olivaires*, before he would sleep, caused the Wounded to be taken care of; and put in Order the remainder of his Soldiers, and made them refresh themselves, and take some repose. After, having bid the Trumpet sound, he said, Invincible Cavaliers, now is the time to compleat the Victory, and pursue the Foe, who unexpectedly flies before us: Therefore whoever among you either loveth Me, or is solicitous of his own Honour, let him follow Me. And so early in the Morning he came upon the timerous Enemy; and having dexterously drawn his to a head, he entered among 'em;

ever

ever as he went on encouraging his Forces. Whereupon the Kings and their Army being surpriſed at the ſudden ſounding of the Trumpet, were mightily afraid: And thoſe fighting Manfully, and theſe defending themſelves Cowardly, they were almoſt all ſlain and diſcomfited. But the Kings being made Priſoners, and ſome principal Perſons beſides, remained alive. Thus they became Maſters of their State and Kingdom; wherein much Treaſure was found; but all was diſtributed among the Soldiers; for *Olivaires*, like a noble General, kept nothing to himſelf.

CHAP. XLIV.

The other King being in a ſtrong City, the ſame is beſieged by Olivaires, *and ſurrenders to his Favor and Mercy.*

THE Army having taken ſome repoſe, and being refreſh'd and enliven'd, *Olivaires* gave Order to pitch

pitch their Tents and Pavilions round the City, wherein was that other King with many Guards. So putting fire to the Gates, scaling the Walls, making Engines of portable Wood to annoy those which were within, they made assault against it for two Days, and on the third took it, putting all to the Sword that had not yielded themselves up to them. *Olivaires* suddenly commanded a Proclamation, That the Churches and the Ladies they should not violate or disorder; which accordingly was obey'd. The King, when he saw the City taken, and his Captains slain, and Soldiers, retired into a strongly fortify'd Castle, and seemingly inexpugnable. But the indefatigable diligence of *Olivaires*, and couragiousness of his Soldiers, gave many Batteries against it, which wearied out the King; who finding no way for escape, yielded himself to *Olivaires*, craving his Pardon for his refractoriness. *Olivaires* received him kindly, embraced him, gave

gave him his Life; and him he made Priſoner, together with the other Kings, under ſtrong and well-armed Guards. However *Olivaires* ordered thoſe Royal Captives to be more waited and attended on than his own Perſon; and he continually entertained them with Feaſts honorably, and at his own Table. The City being ſpoiled, and every poor Soldier enriched with the Prey, they reſted and refreſh'd themſelves, until *Olivaires* bid *Edward*, his Captain, refit the Fleet, and repair the Ships whereever there was need. After, when they were well Victualled, he cauſed him to diſpoſe the Army into good order for tranſport to their own Kingdom. So in a ſhort time, all things being in a readineſs, he is now for departing with his Captive Kings, to the great Gladneſs and Rejoycing of all his Noble and Valiant Crew, that had attended and gone along with him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

Olivaires *parts from* Ireland *for* England; *and of the honour was ſhown him.*

THE *Engliſh* loaden with rich Spoils, with many Carriages and Horſes burthened with things of great value, now marched with their Sovereign *Olivaires* on their way; and the Kings rode on moſt beautiful Mules, without Spurs, and ſo travailed before the Valiant *Olivaires*; and, arrived at the Port, they found the Ships prepared for them, and all things neceſſary provided in abundance for them by the prudent care of Captain *Edward*. Having enter'd the Ships with all their Trophies, in few days with a fair wind they touch'd at the Port whence they parted when they came from *England*: And *Olivaires* having come a-land, and taken Lodgings, diſpatch'd *Edward* away to

the King, and order'd him to inform him of the whole Succeſs of the War: *Edward* being gone Poſt with ſome other Knights, came to Court, and, having kiſſed the King's hand, and paid low reſpects unto *Helena* (for it happened that they were at Table together) begun, after the Ceremonies of Salutation, to relate the Succeſs of the War; and to give account, in order, of the Valour, Strength, Activity, Wit, and great Vertues that ſo eminently appear'd in *Olivaires*; whereat the King dropt tears for joy; and *Helena* kept a Jubilee in her Breaſt, and her heart melted with pleaſure: The Valiant Captain aſſur'd the King, that *Olivaires* was the fineſt Knight that ever bore Lance; and he told him with what courage he had taken the King's of *Ireland* Priſoners; and how with a handful, in compariſon, he had foil'd and conquer'd them; and that he had brought them Captives with him to his Majeſty. Then the King cauſed to be given to *Edward* a Pre-

a Preſent of Gold, and *Helena* another of Jewels, for the good News he had brought: Mean time, *Olivaires* made great days Journies; and being arrived near the Royal City, the King with three hundred Knights with golden Spurs, Dukes, Counts, and Marqueſſes, and the whole City, with all ſorts of Muſick, and Feaſtings, made the Heavens to re-eccho again the Applauſes of the Victory: The King rid a white Nag, habited in rich Tiſſue, and had the Royal Crown on his head; and when he came near *Olivaires*, *Olivaires* haſtily alighted from his Horſe, and ſo likewiſe the King; and embracing him with Paternal kindneſs, he kiſſed him many times: The Kings of *Ireland* ſtood aſide, for they were not worthy to look on the ſacred Crown of *England*; and every one paid their reverence to *Olivaires*, the Archbiſhops, the Biſhops, and Prelates; and they followed them on their way toward the City: The King gave thanks unto, and praiſed God; and

thanked *Olivaires*, and expreſſed how much he was obliged to him, both for the defence of his Kingdom, and for having acquired a-new ſo great a State: And *Olivaires* attributing the honour to God, and to his Knights, deſired the King that he would be grateful to them for their Valour; and alſo to the other Soldiers; foraſmuch as they all had behaved themſelves gallantly: When they were arrived at the City, all with loud Voices, Bonefires, and Inſtruments of all ſorts, expreſſed their Joys; and when they were come into the Palace, *Helena*, like a deſcended Sun, came toward *Olivaires*, who bowing himſelf low, was ſupported by the King; and *Helena* gave him a Kiſs, which ſtruck an ineffable ſweetneſs and delight on *Olivaires*'s Heart-ſtrings; and all the Evening, till time for reſt, was ſpent in extraordinary demonſtrations of Mirth and Joyfulneſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVI.

The Captive Kings, and other Princes, are preſented to the King.

IN the morning the Kings and Priſoners were conducted to the Palace. *Olivaires* gladly beheld them; and, a while after, when he thought it convenient, he brought them before the King and *Helena*; who was well enough pleaſed to ſee their condition, for the love ſhe bore her *Olivaires:* Then all the Priſoners bended the knee to the King; and *Olivaires* made a Preſent of them to his Majeſty; but he delivered them over into *Olivaires*'s power to diſpoſe of them as he thought good. *Olivaires* then generouſly gave them their Lives; and ordering a Table to be placed over-againſt that of the King, *Helena*, and *Olivaires*, he cauſed them to be as honourably attended and waited on as his own Perſon; the Kings were tran-

ſported with this Courteſy, and it well pleaſed the Court alſo. After Dinner great Merriment began, and the Kings had fair liberty given them under Guards, and other things that were convenient. Theſe afterward accompanying them to their Apartments, they left the King of *England* and *Olivaires* together to treat of the Marriage, and what related to it.

CHAP. XLVII.

The King's Diſcourſe, and what he beſtow'd on Olivaires.

BEing left then to diſcourſe by themſelves alone, the King asked *Olivaires* if he might be worthy of, and ſo happy to have his conſtant preſence and ſtay in *England*: Or if he deſigned to return to his Kingdom of *Spain*; to whom he made anſwer, he would never leave *England* without a King; and this he promiſed him on his

his Royal Word. The ſame night after Supper they had Muſick, and a great Ball. After a little Dancing, the King ſaid to his Nobles, who were preſent, My Son *Olivaires* intends to morrow to take my Daughter to wife, (and ſhe him for her Husband) and the Kingdom for her Dowry, which I deſire *Olivaires* to accept of as part of the reward of his Valour; and I think my ſelf, and us all happy, in beſtowing my Realm upon him, who is the braveſt Cavalier of the World, and the chief King that ſways a Scepter. *Olivaires* making humble reverence to ſo honourable Age, with great expreſſions of gratitude, ſaid, that he did not deſerve ſuch a Reward; and that he ſhould ever have reaſon to thank Heaven, and his Majeſty, for promoting him to, and thinking him worthy of ſo great honour; and begged of God to proſper him, and prolong his days, and fill him with all content and ſatisfaction: On account of this Munificence, and the Eſpouſals, *Olivaires*

gave all the Priſoners, and the Kings, their Liberty; who receiving ſuch a favour, made their Acknowledgment after this manner.

CHAP. XLVIII.

The Kings are made Tributaries of the Crown of England, *and promiſe Fealty.*

THE next day the *Iriſh* Kings came to the Palace, and delivered their mind to an Ancient Nobleman, who was a famous Cavalier; and he engaged, and gave his faith for them (and they confirmed it with their own Promiſes) that their Crowns ſhould for ever pay homage to his Majeſty's Royal State. So in the King's preſence they made themſelves Tributary, and gave vow once a year to preſent themſelves before him, and in Peace and War to be always ready to ſerve and obey the King,

and

and his Son *Olivaires*; then they kiſſed the King's Hand. After that, they were preſented with Horſes of all ſorts, Pages, Veſtments, and all things they had occaſion for, and liberty to go or ſtay, as they had a mind; the Kings with low reverence thanked his Majeſty, and deſired of *Olivaires* they might tarry to ſee the Solemnity; and reiterated, that their Crowns ſhould be ever ſubſervient to ſo illuſtrious Worth and Vertue; and as to this alſo they had their ſatisfaction; ſo they prepared for Feaſts, Juſts, and other Combats, to honour the Eſpouſals; but for the preſent all went to reſt.

CHAP. XLIX.

Olivaires *gives the Ring to* Helena, *and eſpouſes her with great pomp and feaſting.*

THE King's Sergeants prepared New Veſtments, Liveries, Ornaments of Gold, and of Jewels; and

all the Palace was hung with Tiſſue, ſmooth Velvet, and other rich Hangings, for celebrating and ſolemnizing the Marriage; they ordered twelve Biſhops, and one Archbiſhop, for performing the ſacred Ceremonies: All the Kings had their Royal Robes on; and the Dukes, Knights, Counts, and all the Barons were in their proper habits; ſo they made a ſhow with their rich and ſplendid Pomp and Attire that ſtupify'd the Spectators; two Kings were elected to lead *Helena* to the Altar, and the reſt attended on *Olivaires*: The King was admirably attired, with all his Court; and ſo *Helena* with all her Ladies; and *Olivaires* alſo flouriſhed in much grandezza: The Muſick was of infinite and moſt rare and admirable kinds: The day appointed being come, every one was ready to perform his Office, and they went with the King to get *Olivaires* up, and conduct him to the Chappel; and with him were four Biſhops, and other four with

Helena;

Helena; and all were to meet those other with the Archbishop; who took the Ring, which was brought invisibly to *Helena*; and giving it to *Olivaires*, the previous Ceremonies being duly performed, made him espouse her; at which the rejoycings of the People, the gladness of the Court, the noise of the Military Musick, and the sweet Melody of the Sacred and Civil, with a thousand other things that conduced to the celebrabing and great pomp of this Divine Solemnity, cannot be expressed. Afterward the Host was administer'd by the hand of the Archbishop; and, when Mass was done, they went into the Hall, where such a choice and sumptuous Dinner attended them, that I think *Jove* himself, with all his Divine Retinue, would not have disdain'd to have been invited to, and have been present to grace these Nuptials: And, all the Dishes being placed on the Table, new Liveries appeared, and new Instruments sounded; and it was amazing

zing to see sit at one Table seven Kings, and one Queen. After Dinner orders were given for Dancing; and after that for a noble Tilting, where the Kings, for the honour of the Espousals, clad in choice Habit and Armour, and on their best Horses, justed against each other with laudable demonstrations of their Prowess; but it was not agreeable for *Olivaires* to just that time. When the Tilting was ended, the two Kings received a most rich Present from the hands of *Helena*, and she thanked them for so great a favour; and they also bowed themselves to her, and humbly thanked her for her Gift. And now the time for Supper approached; wherefore, after a little respite, they sat down to rich, sumptuous, and splendid Tables. He who could penetrate into the secret thoughts of Lovers, and, as it were, see *Olivaires* mind and desires, and the ardent love *Helena* bore her new Spouse, might safely say, that that Day seemed to them both a very long one,

one, and even every hour a Year. Supper being ended, and the Dancing over, the King rises from his Seat, and embracing *Helena*, and kissing her, recommended her to her Husband; then every one retired with much content to their several Apartments; and the happy licens'd Couple went to taste that free bliss which nothing but Youth and Beauty, and deeply inamour'd hearts, is capable of, or has any possibility to conceive: It pleased Almighty God that the fair *Helena* conceived that night, and blessed shall her Travail be, for that of her shall be born a grand Champion for, and Pillar of the Christian Religion, as the *English* Chronicles fully and faithfully relate.

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

The King goes in the morning to visit Olivaires; *and the* Irish *Kings take their leave; and of other things.*

Olivaires and *Helena* turn'd night into day, and day into night, the custom of all new married Couples, especially such passionate Lovers as they; so that after Dinner the King went into their Chamber, and was very glad to find his Son in Bed, and used some pleasant raillery to him for a while. After *Olivaires* had got up, and was dress't, the *Irish* Kings came before them, and they took their leaves of them all, and by *Olivaires* and the King they were presented with Horses for all uses, and other things suitable to such a joyful time, and such a Crown and Royal Majesty: The Archbishop came and blessed that Fruit which was hoped to spring from them; and all the Bishops gave them their benediction; and, the Feastings and Rejoycings

cings being renewed, they paſt many days in eaſe and jollity; and the Kings of *Ireland* at their departure did aſſure them they would never forget ſuch reſpect ſhewn, and ſuch Preſents receiv'd. After a juſt time *Helena* was delivered of a Boy; and baptizing it with infinite pomp and ſplendor, they gave it the name of *Henry*, which as he advanc'd in years, ſo did he in vertue and goodneſs, ſupporting and diffuſing the Catholick Faith; and the Lord was moſt gracious unto them, ſo that from that time, at other nine months end ſhe was in travel again, and brought forth a Daughter, whom they named *Claritia*, who when come to years was not her admired Mother's inferior, either for corporeal ſhape and beauty, or endowments of mind. *Olivaires* enjoy'd a quiet ſtate, and liv'd in all manner of peace, ever together with his fair vertuous Conſort, praiſing, thanking, and adoring the infinite Goodneſs of Almighty God for his ſo great and ineſtimable Benefits: And his Recrea-

tion-

tion-hours he ſpent in the Chace, Gunning, Hawking, and other Princely Diverſions. When one day Envious Fortune watch'd an opportunity to diſturb his happineſs, and obtain'd it, as you ſhall read in the ſequel of our Story.

CHAP. LI.

Helena *Dreams a Melancholy Dream, her Lord being out at the Chace, and ſends him notice of it.*

WITH what kind eyes *Olivaires* was look'd on, and how much beloved of the Court and the whole Kingdom, tongue cannot utter. And all his paſs-time he ſpent in finding out wild Beaſts, in chacing, and taking them: Wherefore ſome of his Subjects, neighbours to a rough and craggy Mountain, about Two days Journey diſtant, came to give him notice how Two moſt fierce and over-

overgrown old wild Boars did much deſtroy and lay waſte their Country, ſo that they obtain'd but little Fruits or good from their ground. At the hearing of which news, *Olivaires* (upon his own account, and alſo in proſpect of their future advantage) was hugely pleaſed, and alſo gave them preſents for the ſame; and immediately he ordered his Hunters to make themſelves ready, their Toils, and all things elſe that were neceſſaty for ſuch ſort of Game. So after Dinner *Olivaires* mounts his Horſe, and goes for the place, and lodged that night at a homely Village; the night following *Helena* lying alone, ſaw in a Dream the White Knight appear to her, that gave her the Ring, who preſented to her fancy a fierce Lioneſs Aſſaulting *Olivaires* in the Chace, and ſo hurting him, that he remained Wounded on the ſpot, then vaniſhed. Whereupon ſuddenly with ſhrill ſcreeches ſhe awak'd, and waken'd alſo the Ladies that lay by her,

and

and having told them her Dream, ſhe alſo after related it to the King, aſſuring her ſelf it was over-true ſome ſiniſter Accident would befal *Olivaires*; and therefore diſpatched Couriers away to give *Olivaires* intelligence of it, that he might proceed no further toward the Chace; who quickly, as ſwift as the wind, went after him to overtake him; and over-joy'd they were when they found him ſafe and cheerful; and the whole account they gave him both by Letters and word of Mouth. The advice pleaſed *Olivaires*, who yet went on for the Chace, as one who feared not any thing, being within his own Realm, and among People that loved and were obſervant of him. Then he diſmiſs'd the Meſſengers, and bid them let *Helena* know, That he would be with her the following Evening. So ſhe reſted well content, for that he would take care of himſelf, and was at preſent in ſafe condition.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII.

One of the Iriſh *Kings coming to pay Tribute to the King of* England, *finds* Olivaires *alone in a diſmal grove; who tranſported with deſire of catching his Prey, is ſevered from his Company, and taken Priſoner.*

THE Hunters by break of day went with *Olivaires* to the place, where were ſhewed them the lodges of thoſe great and fierce Boars; and the Hunters, as need required, being ſeparated to their particular ſtands and paſſes, the Dogs went into the thick of the Grove to fetch them forth from their Dens. *Olivaires* ſtood in a more common and trodden path in expectation of the Boar; and Fortune, which took a pleaſure in exerciſing and putting on hardſhips the braveſt Knight of the world, ſent the Savage his way; and he ſmiting him, and that flying, and he purſuing,

it

it happened that the other Boar ſallied out of the Grove, and took a contrary rode; wherefore the Hunters having not ſpied that which *Olivaires* Chac'd, all went after the other; and although ſome followed their Maſter, ſo ſwift a race the wild Animal led them (and *Olivaires* was much the foremoſt in purſuit) they loſt their way; but lighting on a track, they returned back, having loſt that of their Maſter by reaſon of the large fallen leaves that had ſtrew'd the ground. *Olivaires* ſtill purſued the Savage, and ſo far got engag'd in the Grove, that he quite loſt his way, not knowing in what place, what ground, or whereabout he was; here then comes to his mind *Helena*'s Dream, and he knew not what to think; but night haſting on, he traverſes this way and that way, and at length frees himſelf of the Grove, but far enough he was from any dwellings; and he ſaw coming far off a great many Horſe, which much cheer'd him, thinking they

they were his own company; but when they came near (for 'twas beginning to be dark) he found it to be one of the *Iriſh* Kings, King *Maquenor*'s Son, who was ſlain at the Tilting; and knowing *Olivaires*, he cry'd, Lo! this is he who kill'd the King my Father; wherefore let him be ſeiz'd, ſince Fortune has offer'd me ſo fair an opportunity. *Olivaires*, having only his *Javelin*, puts himſelf (yet weary) in poſture of defence; but it breaking (after he had ſlain ſome of them) he was taken, and bound, and under a ſtrong Guard conducted all the night toward the Realm of *Ireland*; and in a well-fortified and lofty Tower, was committed to the Governor's cuſtody, having charge to keep him ſtrict Priſoner till the King's return, neither ſuffering to talk with, nor ſee any body; and the *Iriſh* King held on his Journey to the King of *England*'s Court; and having done his homage, he ſtayed a little, for that he ſaw the Court in mighty Afflicti-

on

on and Grief, becauſe *Olivaires* could no where be found, and then he returned home. *Olivaires* was in a bottom room of a moſt high Tower, and much afflicted; he prayed unto God that he would conſolate his Lady, and the King, and alſo aid him in his miſerable condition. One time the Governor of the Fortreſs carrying him Meat himſelf, took great notice of him, and was amazed at his admirable Aſpect; and moved with Compaſſion, ſaid, Sir, you be ſome noble Cavalier? I am ſo, replied *Olivaires*: Then ſubjoin'd the other, Make me Promiſe that you will not endeavour eſcape out of the Fortreſs, and I will free you from this cloſe Confinement: *Olivaires* told him he would not on his Royal word; for, ſaid he, I am *Olivaires*; then he brought him out, and gave him the whole Caſtle for his ſpacious Priſon, with infinite Careſſes. Had I well Chaſtiz'd my Enemy, ſaid Fortune's haraſs'd Knight, and been more ſevere with him for his Audacity,

city,

city, I ſhould not for life given have received a death; but ſince it ſo pleaſes the grand diſpoſer, Lo! I patiently bear it. Mean while the King and *Helena* made ſearch through the whole Kingdom, through all the ſhady Groves and remote Woods, among the obſcure Caverns, Receſſes, and Valleys, and o're all the high Mountains for *Olivaires*. One time fearing he might be fallen into a ſwoon, another left ſome wild Beaſt might have devoured him; ſometime thinking that Highway-men might have lighted on him and ſlain him: At length not getting any news of him, they gave themſelves up wholly to Grief and Lamentations; and thoſe that had ſeen *Helena*, would rather have thought her a wild Beaſt than a Woman, whilſt ſhe pluck'd off her Hair, ſcratch'd her Face, rent her Garments, ſcreek'd out aloud, and would not take either any Meat or Reſt. The King was aſtoniſhed, and ſtruck almoſt dead with this Accident; and all

Faſhion

Fashion and good Order neglected, the Court became a melancholy, heedless, and confused Crew; for every one much feared the life both of *Helena* and the King, so excessive was their Affliction; and the dolors and sighs that proceeded from their breasts did so affect and trouble the Lords and Knights, as almost to break their hearts. He who had heard the praises *Olivaires* had given him of the King, and seen what a blow of discontent this Accident had given the Crown, would have been very sensible his Majesty had felt both the utmost extremities of happiness and misery: But leaving *Helena*, the King, and the whole Court, to their Sorrows, let us now proceed to look for *Arthur*, who so long saw the water clear, but of a sudden beheld it turn'd cloudy; and understanding what it meant, hastily sets forward in search after *Olivaires*, being fully resolved to find him out; and on the one hand hurried away with a violent desire of seeing him;

him; and on the other ſtimulated with grief, knowing ſome great peril had behapned him, he as it were flew with Wings.

CHAP. LIII.

Arthur *prepares to go in ſearch after* Olivaires, *by ſignal of the Water, which ſhews his Calamity.*

I Related before the manner of *Olivaires*'s departure from *Caſtile*, and the grief that it cauſed his Father, the Court, and the Queen the principal occaſion of ſo great an Evil: But the King's Affliction was the heavieſt, and in a ſhort time coſt him his life: Upon his death then *Arthur* was made Ruler of the Kingdom, by thoſe Dukes, Barons, and Knights, and had the Government until they ſhould hear of King *Olivaires*: And *Arthur* willingly accepted of it, for the love he bore to his Brother; and every day

he looked on the Vial of Water. At length, One morning, a while after he had rise, he was for going out a Hunting, but would before see the Water, which he found troubled, and of a bloudy colour: Whereupon he cry'd out, O noble and virtuous Cavalier, my faithful Brother! where shall I find thee to free me from so great dangers? Whither shall I go, which way must I steer to succour thee? O that I knew the Province, the Kingdom, the City, nay that Heaven that could inform me of thee! And instead of going a Hunting (unless in another kind) he appointed his Vicegerent, and on a brisk Courser, with a Sum of Money and Jewels, with all possible dispatch he is mounted for his Journey: Having to all his Barons deliver'd up the Government, and beseeched them to administer all things for the best, in as much as he hoped that they might shortly have *Olivaires* with them; and desir'd them they would not marvail at his departure, since it was of great importance

portance for the good of the whole State. Accompanied then with those few he had a mind to, he first takes his way thorough his own Kingdom, and so orders the Affairs of the Government, declaring all along he was going about a matter of grand concern, as indeed it was. *Arthur*'s going away, was a great trouble to the Lords of *Castile* first, and after to those of *Dalgarve*; for his behaviour and carriage to them were such, that every one was in love with his noble and generous Temper; and his Vertues made him the Darling of Mankind: So all lamented his departure.

CHAP. LIV.

Arthur's *Voyage through divers Countries, in search of* Olivaires.

ARrthur being got out of his Kingdom, recommends himself unto God, and his good Providence. And

firſt he makes ſearch through all the Kingdom of *Portugal*, in all the Cities, and in all places of the Realm; nor deſiſts his inqueſt till he goes into the remoteſt Woods. Now in his buſy inquiry that way, he hears tell, that not far off a fierce Lyon haunted a Mountain; and whoever went into thoſe places, was ſure either to be kill'd, or at leaſt be wofully ſhatter'd by the ſavage; and that many Knights, for proof of their Proweſs, and to oblige the Country with a publick benefit, had made attempts upon him, but with the loſs of their lives. *Arthur* hearing this, deliberated with himſelf whether *Olivaires* might not perhaps have gone on this enterprize: And, having fitted his Armour, he makes for the Mountain; and when he had got half way, he meets the Lion, who had come far, was lean, humble, and by chance lame of a Paw. *Arthur* ſeeing him, wondered he was ſo gentle, thinking with himſelf it was eaſy to kill him; and for that end,

with-

without fear, goes toward him: The Lion reaches out himself a length, as Dogs are wont to do, and with a lamentable Roine expressed that he recommended himself to his favour, and shew'd him his Paw, which was swell'd, and had rotted, because a piece of the Splinter of a Spear remained in it. *Arthur* then drew him the Shiver out, and forth run a great deal of corrupt matter; Whereupon the Lion perceiving it to be better with him, with many more Caresses and wantoner play than a Dog can make, gratefully fawns upon him. *Arthur* goes for the Mountain, and the Lion follows him; and having sought, but not found any humane footsteps, he returns to his own Road, accompanied by the Lion; all the Country fled before them, beholding the Animal: But *Arthur* put them out of fear, making 'em to see how tame the Lion was; and he gave him a piece of fat Veal, and it refreshed him; and in a short time, by attending on him, the

Animal became ſound and hearty, and went continually at *Arthur*'s Stirrup as a Page when he rode; and when he ſlept a-nights, lay Centinel at his Chamber-door like a Maſtiff. *Arthur* accompanied of this Lion, made ſearch thorough many, and many Realms, *Catalonia*, *Languedoc*, *Spain*, *Normandy*, *France*, *Piccardy*, *Burgundy*, and ſpent many a day in travail, yet could never hear any news at all of *Olivaires*. One night melancholly and fatigu'd with his Journy (having arrived at the Port of *Cales*) he argued to himſelf, and having no other in company with him in his Chamber but the Lion only, he thus complained: Oh! why may not my dolors have an end as well as thine, moſt loving Animal? Ah! that at the leaſt I could inform thee how excelling a Knight he is I wander in queſt of; how noble, how admirable, and how he bears away, and eaſily deſerves the Palm of all the valiant Knights of Chivalry! The Lion was ſenſible of *Arthur*'s meaning,

and

and wept. And next morning the Animal took the way before him, and went to the Port, and enter'd into a Ship; but the Mariners were affrighted, and cry'd out aloud; and *Arthur* also entering, let them see how tame and gentle he was; so they hois'd Sail, and *Arthur* took good Augury from the Lion, and made no enquiry what Coast the Ship was bound for.

CHAP. LV.

Of an horrible Monster which Arthur *kill'd in the Kingdom of* Ireland; *and of a Vision that he had.*

THE Wind swelling the Sails, the Mariners with a prosperous Voyage pursued their Navigation; and *Arthur* was ever asking where about they were; and being on the Coasts of *Ireland*, and in the Evening having touched at the Shore in a Port, the Lion went out of the Ship, nor

would return into it again any more: Wherefore *Arthur* was obliged to ſtay in that Land, and ſearching about all the Country, he could not get any intelligence of *Olivaires*; ſo he was reſolved to make ſearch in a vaſt Wood: The Lion never forſook him, and entering into the thick of lofty Trees, whoſe leafy Boughs excluded the light of the Noon-day's Sun, the Cavalier began to be afraid of ſuch a place; and his Lion running about over it all, happened to put up from his dark Den, a terrible, foul, and horrid Monſter, of the ſize of a Buffle; but by reaſon of his great bulk, he walked with his Belly on the ground like a Serpent. He had four Feet, with ſhort Legs, like a Lizzard or Crocodile; and on the tips of theſe he rear'd himſelf about an Ell from the ground with long Claws like Eagles Talons; his Caſe, or Skin, reſembled that of the briſtled Bore, which the *Italians* call *Riccio & Spinoſo*; full of theſe Sharps like a Porcupine, excepting all the

the Neck from the Chine-bone, and the Head, which part was like the ſpunginess of a Rock, but hard, and of diverſe mingled colours: His Neck was like that of a Bull; and a vaſt Head like an Elephant's, but without his cloudy Brow, and alſo ſuch Teeth; however his were large enough, and ſharp: When he open'd his Mouth, it look'd like a Furnace, Smoak iſſuing out of it; and the red of his Jaws was ſo hot, that it ſeem'd a fire: His Taile was four ells long; the extremity of it was hard and horny, and with that he ſmote as with a Javelin, or his Sting: out of his Flanks grew four Wings like a Dragon's, and other four he ſpread abroad, which proceeded from the ridge of his Back; ſo that he was all covered with theſe. When the Lion beheld this new Animal full before his face, he roar'd out ſo ſtrongly, that all the Wood re eccho'd again; and the Monſter turned about as if he was mad: The Lion, as afraid, went near to *Arthur*; at this the

ſtrange kind of Animal ſtretched forth himſelf, and flapping with his Wings, came towards *Arthur*, and ſmote him on the Thigh with the horn of his Tail, and with the end of his Wing he gave the Lion a bruſh on the Head, and opening his Mouth, it ſmoak'd like a Furnace. *Arthur* leapt aſide, and, laying hold on his Sword, gave him ſo fierce a blow on the Neck, that he made him hiſs; and ſo ſharp was his hiſs, that it diſmayed the other; but ſo hard was that Rock, that the Sword could not pierce it; wherefore *Arthur* look'd on himſelf as a dead man. The Lion fetching a brisk skip, leaps upon his Chine-point, and faſt'ning his hind Paws on his Shoulders, and his fore on his Head, and in his Eyes, he made him through anguiſh of his Viſage, fall on one ſide on the ground: *Arthur* ſeeing his Paunch lay expos'd, run to ſmite him in the Belly, and with few ſtrokes he opens it, and through that aperture his life flies away: Beholding the Monſter dead,

and

and considering all the Parts of him, he much thanked God who had given him such a Lion for his Companion, and had delivered him from so great a danger. Then viewing the Wound he had received, it appear'd very deep; and when it cool'd, it begun to be extream painful; but such quantity of Blood had run out, as so weakned his Spirits, that he could scarce stand on his Feet: At this noise of the Beast, and the roaring of the Lion, a great multitude of Country People and Shepherds came down from the Mountains, and seeing the fierce Monster dead, they were amazed; and after wondered at the familiarity of the Lion: And *Arthur* assuring them of his gentleness, begun to talk with them, and told them the particulars of the Accident; whereupon they much caressed him, and conducted him to their Cottages, and the Lion was continually by his side: And after he had taken some refreshment, they left him to his night's repose.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVI.

The White Cavalier appears in a Dream to Arthur, *and heals his Wound.*

WHen on his firſt ſleep, the door being ſhut, the White Cavalier appears unto him, and wakens him; ſaying, *Arthur*, I am come to comfort thee. *Arthur* ſeeing ſuch a Perſon, and ſo accompanied, and then that he ſhould call him by his Name, wondered greatly. Do not marvel; for I will inſtruct thee concerning *Olivaires*. Good God! Am I in a Dream, or am I awake? Thou art awake, ſaid the Knight; and for a ſign, ſhew me thy wounded Thigh, that I may heal it. And having dreſſed it, he took precious Balſams, which he had ordered to be brought with him, and quickly anointing it, and binding it up, ſaid, To morrow you ſhall be well. You then do me a mighty benefit; and you promiſe to inform me of *Olivaires*; Oh, to whom muſt I ren-

der

der my infinite Thanks? Tell me, Dear Sir, who you are that do me ſuch Kindneſſes? Oh! how ſhall I ever be able to requite them? It is not ſo convenient that you learn my Name at this time: See here is a Root for you, which you ſhould eat, ſaid the Cavalier; for it would make you new Blood, and recover your loſt Strength. How am I obliged to you, admirable Knight, and what ſhall I do for you? No other thing than go into *England*, and conſolate the King and *Helena*, who are in great affliction, and almoſt ſpent with ſorrow; for *Olivaires* is her Husband, and ſhe the King's Daughter. And here the Cavalier told *Arthur* all the Journey, Accidents, Deeds, Feats, Behaviour, Diſgraces, Fortunes, and every Minuteſt thing concerning *Olivaires*; and how he was taken, and that he was in Priſon: Further, thou ſhalt ſay, that thou art *Olivaires*, and ſhalt ſleep together with *Helena* (but touch her not.) After thou ſhalt return into

to this place, that I may ſet thee on thy way for getting *Olivaires* out of Priſon: And he told him and inſtructed him in every thing that was neceſſary. Then he gave him a little Electuary; which when *Arthur* had put in his Mouth, he ſuddenly fell aſleep.

CHAP. LVII.

Arthur *does all that the White Cavalier ordered him; and how he is believed of every one to be* Olivaires.

Arthur reſembled *Olivaires* in every thing, in Speech, in Shape, in Viſage, and in all his Manner and Ways; and they differed in nothing, ſave a Mark in one Arm; for *Olivaires* had three Moles at the ſetting on of his Shoulder, with ſome ſlender Hairs which appeared like the fineſt Wire-drawn Gold; and *Arthur* had not ſuch. When *Arthur* waked in the Morn-

Morning, he thought he had been in a Dream, and that of the Cavalier but a Viſion of Fancy: But deſirous to be aſſured, he begun to handle his Wound; and not making it ſmart, when he had unwrapped it, he found it healed; then his Joyfulneſs returned again, and he no further doubted. And ſuddenly was on his way for *England*, and ſpurring on, and alſo having croſſed the Sea, he came to a Town, walled about, whoſe Inhabitants very well knew *Olivaires*. And ſeeing *Arthur*, they all forthwith run into him to make their Obeiſance, and Congratulate his return; and they made an extraordinary great Feaſt. Then diverſe of them took Poſt for *London*, to tell the News at Court. And himſelf, a little after, with an honourable Attendance of the Chief of the Countrey, rode to *London*. When the Poſters had told the News, the King ſo recovered himſelf of a ſudden, that he roſe from his Couch, and honourably rewarded thoſe that brought

brought it; and gave order for Feasts, Triumphs, and great Rejoycings. And understanding his entry into the City was to be the next Day, great Multitudes went out to meet him; and the King himself: And when he was near, he run to embrace him, and clung fast to him, but could not speak for Joy. But he, moved with compassion for his Brother *Olivaires*, was inwardly much troubled. All the Knights and Lords kissed his Hands; and the World kept a Jubilee; every place re-ecchoed with rare Voices, and musical Instruments, both Civil and Military. The King having taken a little breath, embraced him again, and said; O my Son, *Olivaires*, your coming has lengthened my Days. Sir, my departure was forced; and I have undergon great affliction on account of the Love which I know your Majesty always entertains for me; but I hope in God to make amends for all the Evil my absence has caused: And the Bounty and Kind-

nesses

neſſes I have received from you, I will never forget.

CHAP. LVIII.

Arthur's *entry into* London; *and the viſit he gave* Helena, *who is raviſhed with Joy.*

WHen the King and *Arthur* came to the City, ſuch multitudes of People ſo throng'd in the Streets, that they could ſcarce paſs through them; all the Ladies ſtood in the Windows ſinging pleaſant Songs ſuiting the Occaſion; all the Streets were adorned with fine Hangings; and all the Clergy met them, firmly believing it was their King; all the Bells rung merrily, and wonderful Bonfires were made on the tops of the Palaces. *Helena* inquired the meaning of all this Feſtivity, and what was the reaſon of ſuch Solemnity; but ſhe could not learn, for the Phyſicians had given

given charge against too ſudden a communication of the News unto her, that the over-eager Joy might not produce ill, not to ſay fatal, Effects: Wherefore warily, and by degrees, they hinted it to her that *Olivaires* was come. She aſſuredly gathering as much, lift up her Hands to Heaven, bleſſing and praiſing God for ſo great a Mercy: May the hour of my Death come when it ſhall pleaſe him, for I ſhall not fear it after having had once more a ſight of my deareſt Conſort. And ſhe would have raiſed her ſelf up (making indeavour) from her Bed, but her weakneſs would not permit. Oh, what raviſhment gave to her Soul the thoughts of ſeeing her Huſband *Olivaires!* The King clome up the Stairs, having *Arthur* by the Hand; nor would let go till he had brought him to *Helena*'s Bed-ſide, who threw her Arms about his Neck; every one of them Weeping; ſhe for Joy, believing 'twas *Olivaires*; he out of Pity and Compaſſion for the true *Olivaires.*

vaires. So being undiſcovered, he invented agreeable things to diſcourſe of with *Helena* till time of Supper. Then the King ſent for him, but *Helena* detained him to ſup with her. The Phyſicians ordered that he ſhould not ſleep with *Helena*; ſhe would not conſent unto it: Then *Arthur* went into her Bed, but lay as if he had not been there; for *Arthur* ſaid, I am obliged by a Vow againſt all Laſciviouſneſs, either in Thought or Deed, until firſt (as I have promiſed unto God) I pay Reverence and Homage to the holy Apoſtle *James*: Therefore I deſire you would excuſe me, for it is an Ordinance of God; and in that time you will recover your Health. She was very well contented; and asked him how his departure was, and where he ſpent ſo long time without her? and ſaid, ſhe fully believed 'twas a forced thing. He told her it was ſo, and that he could not have endured ſo long an abſence, but that it was neceſſary he might not

appear,

appear, before the time for accompli-
ſhing his Vow.

CHAP. LIX.

Arthur *feigning to go to diſcharge his Vow, goes for freeing* Olivaires *out of Priſon.*

ARthur remained a few days at the Court, (and all the Courtiers were amazed at the gentleneſs and beauty of his Lion ;) but then urged by his love for *Olivaires*, he diſcreetly imparted to the King and *Helena* his intentions of going to diſcharge his Vow ; and ſaid, he after would immediately return. The King commended his devotion ; and his Train having all made ready, leave taken, and promiſe made of a ſpeedy return, he departed. When he was gone on his way ſome days Journies, he ordered his Attendance to make a ſtop, and to ſtay where they then were,

were, till his coming back; for that he would go alone unto this Duty, without pomp, in a plain and humble manner, (wherefore they were willing to ſtay behind, and obſerve his pleaſure) and he ſaid he would return back to them, and go together with them unto his Kingdom. In the morning then *Arthur* departs for a time, accompanied with his Lion alone, and he croſs'd the Sea, and enter'd *Ireland*, and arrived at the place he parted from; and they remembring him, expreſſed great joy at the ſeeing him again. At night when he ſlept, the white Cavalier came and inſtructed him where *Olivaires* was, and how he ſhould go immediately and releaſe him out of Priſon, for that the Lion was ſent him of God for his Companion, and that he ought to follow his conduct, who would bring him to the City, and the place he had in Viſion repreſented unto him. *Arthur* gave him thanks for his obliging cure, and alſo for his now much more obli-

obliging information concerning his Friend *Olivaires*; then he disappeared. *Arthur* waking, saw the Sun was well advanc'd, and rising from his Bed, he followed the Lion, who by secret and unknown ways conducted him in short time unto the City; and when he was at the entrance, he found the white Cavalier, who said, *Ply thy Sword, and my service to* Olivaires; and vanish'd. The Lion then running into the City, *Arthur* followed him on Horse-back; after he enter'd a Garden where was the King and all his Nobles, who seeing the fierce Animal, were affrighted; then *Arthur* laid his hand on his Sword, and said, *Wicked King, thou shalt not escape the just vengeance of Heaven.* At this all those Cavaliers were dismai'd, and in so great fear, that they could scarce draw their Swords; in this juncture the white Knight with a great Army seiz'd the Piazza, and gallop'd about the City as his own; wherefore the King being depriv'd of his reli'd-on succor, was all in despair and confusion.

CHAP.

CHAP. LX.

Arthur *takes the King Priſoner, and ſets* Olivaires *at Liberty.*

THE Lion ran to make havock among thoſe Cavaliers, and ſlew many. And *Arthur* ſmiting and making a large ſhammels of them, opened himſelf a wide Lane, and run after the King, who endeavoured to get into the Fortreſs; but *Arthur* overtook him with a cleaving ſtroke on his Head, which would certainly have divided it, had it hit fair; but it glanced and brought him only to the Ground, where he begs of *Arthur*, for God's ſake, to ſave his Life. Ah! unfaithful Man, ſaid *Arthur*, Is this the reward of that Mercy and Generoſity thou hadſt ſhown thee by *Olivaires*, to detain him in Priſon? And making him riſe, he pricks him on with the point of his Sword to trip to the Caſtle, and open to *Olivaires*; then lets him go,

go, knowing that he could not get out of the Yard. The Lion having glutted himſelf with Slaughter, not finding now any remaining, followed *Arthur*; and *Arthur* could not keep him from killing the Governour, and the Soldiers that were in the Fort. Lo! *Olivaires* coming out of the Priſon all pallid, meager, and miſerably afflicted; who throwing himſelf at *Arthur*'s Feet, not knowing him, but thinking he was one of the King's Servants, ſaid theſe words: Wherefore does the King ſuffer me to languiſh thus? Why does he not kill me? What better revenge than to take his Life away, whom thou holdſt for thine Enemy? I beſeech thee that thou wouldſt kill me, or make ſome endeavours for me, that I may no longer have ſo hard and cruel Uſage. *Arthur* ſeeing and hearing him ſpeak theſe piteous words, was inwardly extreamly afflicted, and his Wrath glowed hot againſt the King. I am thy Brother *Arthur*, ſaid he, O my

Olivaires!

Olivaires. At which voice his Spirits revived, which were ſadly ſunk and dead before; and they ran together and embrac'd one another. And ſearching about the place, they found Meat, and alſo wherewith to recruit, every way help, and Royally habit *Olivaires*. The mean time that they took ſome Refreſhment, Diſcourſed, and provided for themſelves, every body in the City locked themſelves up in their Houſes. And the King could not find any to make him help; wherefore oppreſſed with Grief, and in fear of his Life, he ſaid, 'Tis the beſt for me to yield my ſelf up into *Olivaires*'s Hands, for I know he is ſo Pitiful, Courteous, Noble, Good and Gentle, that he will give me my Life. And returning, all beſmeered with Blood, into the Fortreſs, he found on the Stairs, and in the Halls and Chambers, all his Vaſſals ſlain, which troubled him infinitely. At length being come before *Arthur* and *Olivaires*, he falls down on his Knees, wo-

fully lamenting, and begging of *Olivaires*, that, for the ſake of God, he would pardon him; and craved Mercy with hideous Sighings. Here *Arthur* would have made an end of him, but *Olivaires* holds his Arm; and ſays to him, Take heart; for, for the love of God a greater thing than this ought to be given; and bidding him riſe, they cauſed ſome men they ſpied to come and help him; who, with great fear and trembling, deſcended from high Places whither they had fled for refuge. Here the King being made Priſoner, and the fortifi'd Places taken, he renounced the Kingdom to *Olivaires*; who was by them acknowledged and accepted of for their Sovereign. Words cannot expreſs the Lamentations *Olivaires* and *Arthur* made betwixt each other, the Moans, and the Weeping; alſo Rejoycings. But to have told him the News of the Death of the King of *Caſtile*, his Father, and all the ill Accidents had happened thoſe many Years

Years they had been ſeparated from one another, would have been too too Melancholy a Theme, and the hearing would almoſt have broke his Heart. That Night the City was delivered up, by means of the White Cavalier: And many Days after they remained in the Town, till *Olivaires* might recover more Cheerfulneſs and Strength; he judging it equal Ballance, either to return and ſee *Helena*, the King, and his Children, or to have in his Sight, and the Company of his *Arthur* alone.

CHAP. LXI.

The departure of Olivaires *and* Arthur *from* Ireland; *and how* Olivaires *would have ſlain* Arthur.

IT appearing to *Olivaires* that he had done but ſmall ſervice for the ſake of God; therefore when he left the City, he gave back, and reſtored the

Kingdom to the King; telling him, That he ought to become a Man more worthy of such a Crown, and that he should learn to fear God; so they departed with great Honour and Joy. By the way *Arthur* began to tell of his Journey which he had undertaken for him; he told him of his Lion's Malady; of the danger he had scaped by the Monster's Death; and of all that Kindness shewed him of the White Cavalier, for saving his Life by the Cure; and how by his Counsel he went into *England*, and was received as *Olivaires*, and not as *Arthur*; and that for *Helena*'s Recovery, and the saving her languishing Life, he had slept together with her. Here *Olivaires*, as weak as he was, suddenly drew out his Sword, and smote *Arthur* on the Head, hearing he had slept with *Helena*; not expecting till he had told the remainder: Whereupon he fell stounded to the Ground; and he would have killed him out, but that the White Cavalier appeared and restrained

ſtrained him. *Olivaires* ſeeing his Knight, of whom he had received ſo many Benefits, caſt himſelf from his Horſe on the Ground, and rever'd him as a Father; and he told him all the Matter of *Arthur*, and gave *Olivaires* a reprimand: Wherefore grieving, he begged Pardon of the ſwooning *Arthur*, and deſired of the Cavalier to forgive him; who quickly applied his Hand for the Cure of *Arthur*, and healed him: And when he was come to himſelf, he made them as good Friends as ever. Then he took ſome certain Roots of Herbs, and gave *Olivaires* them to feed upon; by which means, in a few Days, he was recovered, refreſhed and brisk, equal to, and ſo like *Arthur*, that every one believed that it was ſome deſign of Heaven, that two ſhould ſo ſtrangely reſemble each other. The Knight, after he had done all, turning to *Olivaires*, ſaid; Recollect your ſelf, I can no longer attend you, and you will have no further need of me:

When will the time be for my Share, according to your Promiſe? and vaniſhed. *Arthur* hearing the Knight, proceeded to tell *Olivaires* the whole Succeſs; and he found that every thing had fallen out agreeably to what he had ſaid to him in a Viſion: And ſo he was aſcertained that this was ſome Divine Spirit.

CHAP. LXII.

How Arthur *returns by the ſame way; and when he finds his Cavaliers, they ſtand amazed, not knowing which of the two is* Olivaires; *and the great delight this produces.*

THE valiant Brothers being arrived where the Cavaliers were ordered to ſtay, thoſe could not tell, at the ſight of them, unto which they ſhould pay their Obeiſance, even although the Lion was ever by *Arthur*'s ſide, and knew his; Therefore paying

ing Reverence to them both (for that they were continually together, and gave mutual Respect) they also attended on them both, and honoured them equally alike. And one of 'em said to these Noble Knights, I am *Olivaires* who brought you such a way, and said, and did so and so. And the other said, in *English*, the same thing, and how he did it. So they both made every one marvel; and it was referred to *Helena* to determine which was the true *Olivaires*. And they staied some Days in that City for the making of Feasts and Triumphs, being detained of the People, to express their Joyfulness for having regained their Sovereign. They dispatched Messengers up and down with the News, so Feastings were every where prepared; and as they passed from City to City, all honoured their Sovereign; and every one took a great pleasure in saying, For one Sovereign which we have lost, we have gained two. And the Fame hereof had got

to Court; and it was so confidently affirmed, that many Lords went many Days Journey to meet them out of curiosity of seeing such a Rarity; and were still more eager of it, for that 'twas said, they were equals, and alike in Turnament, at Justing, at managing Horses, at Arms, at Dexterity, in Age, Size, Speech, Tone; and that to please their Fancy they dressed alike, and wore the same Habit; and loved so intirely, that they seemed one Soul animating two Bodies.

CHAP. LXIII.

Olivaires *and* Arthur *arrive at the Court, and are equally received of the King, and of* Helena; *and how* Olivaires *is known; and* Helena *well satisfies her self by seeing the Moles on his Arm.*

BEING arrived at *London*, they were received of the King and *Helena* with unspeakable Joy; and they

they were amaz'd, not knowing which to take for *Olivaires*. But *Arthur* revealed the Secret: And *Helena* beholding *Olivaires*'s Moles, which she had seen before, embraced him, and printed a Kiss on his Lips. And, after having rested a while, *Arthur* began to relate all that had happened; and *Olivaires* to tell what Misery he had undergone. And as they made relation of one thing after another, from greater to less, they caused the King's Heart-strings to tremble, and his Pulse beat in great disorder; and his main Vexation was (for the present) that he could not take revenge of such execrable Injuriousness, for that *Olivaires* had pardoned the King of *Ireland*. But lo! just now Couriers come over, who bring Letters, that give *Olivaires* Intelligence how the King had rebelled. *Arthur* was glad to hear of such Insolence, since it would give him occasion to revenge the old as well as this new Affront. He having Courage and Ability enough, with

the help only of his Lion, to lay waſt a thouſand Realms, much more *Ireland* alone. The King having heard of the Proweſs of *Arthur*, and the Fateague he had undergone, gave order for his being Honoured and Attended on as his own Perſon. And he was preſented by *Helena* with rich Ornaments, and precious Stones; and by the King with a large ſum of Gold; and he remained in the Court loved and reſpected of all; and every Day they Juſted, Feaſted, and went to the Chace. And *Olivaires* remembring the Day on which he was taken, ſaid to *Arthur*, It ſeems to me to be full time that your ungrateful King ſhould be made know his Error; wherefore let us go and reduce the revolted Realm. No, ſaid *Arthur*, Let that alone to me, and remain in your Kingdom, for you have been enough in *Ireland*. And being returned from the Chace, they ordered a vaſt Army to be made ready; and then they began their March for *Ireland*. The

King

King having made him his General, gave him his Bleſſing; and ſo he took his leave. *Arthur* having got into *Ireland*, and the King Intelligence of his arrival, he goes againſt him with his Army to give him Battel; and he ſent a Trumpet to him to put him in mind, (thinking it was *Olivaires*) that his old Priſon waited for him, and to tell him he hoped to take him. *Arthur* laughed, and ſaid; Go and tell your King that 'twould be too great an Honour for him to make my Lion devour him; but that I will give him for Food to the Crows, and other Fowls of the Air. And, diſperſing his Army, he burnt, ruinated, and ſlew every where; and without all pity and compaſſion deſtroy'd and laid waſt the whole Countrey; ſo inraged was he at the King's Inſolence. And he ſoon arriv'd to where the King had poſted himſelf; who hearing of his exorbitant Fury, fled into a ſtrong City, nor would expect him at his Campaign.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIV.

The Assault that Arthur *gave to the City, and took it; in which Battery the King dies.*

IN the Evening *Arthur* put his Army in order, made his Squadrons, and placed them in their first, second, and third ranks, to give assault to the Gates, and sent to the Walls those who should scale them; and he gave them fierce battel, when night came on, with the one part, and at midnight he caused the other to make an Assault; and early in the morning with the remainder, who had taken repose, he did great execution; whence those within were overcome through want of sleep, and weariness; then *Arthur* divided all his Camp into three places, and begun a sharp Fight; and bursting ope a Gate, he enter'd in with Lance upon his Thigh; and those who came upon him he run thorough, passing

sing their Armour as if it had been of Wax; and his Lion enter'd into the Battel, and made in the City that havock and Massacre among the Men, as if they had been Herds of Cattle: They remembred *Arthur*: And the King seeing him, would have made resistance, but *Arthur* kill'd him; upon which the People were all terrify'd, dispers'd, and fled away. Some threw themselves down to the ground from tops of Houses, rather than they would fall into the hands of the Enemy; and others drowned themselves in Pools: So he cours'd about the City as his own; and constituted Governors of, and put a Garison in the place, a part of his own Army; and with the rest, he returned victoriously to *London*, having placed Garisons where ever else was thought needful to keep the Kingdom in subjection to the Crown of his great Majesty of *England*. The King of *England* having understanding of the Victory, caused universal Rejoycing to be made; and when he came,

Oli-

Olivaires went with great triumph and exultation to meet him; and the King gave him many Careſſes, freely beſtowing on him all he had got. So the two Brothers continued together, every day feaſting, making merry, Hunting, Juſting, and diverting themſelves with other noble Exerciſes.

CHAP. LXV.

Of an Infirmity which hapned to Arthur; *and how by ſome Dreams they ſee the remedy for his Cure.*

AMong theſe Sweets, Fortune muſt needs be mixing her Bitters; and ſo ſevere ſhe was, as to bring upon *Arthur* an incurable Diſeaſe; and 'twas after this ſort. *Arthur*'s Body was all corrupted within, whence proceeded out of all parts of it an infinity of Vermin; and they would certainly have devoured him, but that he ever haſtened to kill them: Not a Phyſi-

cian

cian but disgusted the sight, nor a Servant that could indure the stench. He had half lost the sight of his Eyes, and his Speech falter'd, and he was become a perfect Skeleton: Yet his Body was inwardly swell'd, all the ligaments of his Joints were dissolved and lax, like a Paralitick; he could not raise his Head from his Pillow, nor turn him in his Bed; whatever he eat gave him no nourishment; and in a word, so strange was his Malady, that the Doctors could not find any remedy for it. None but *Olivaires* had courage to look on him, and he continually attended him: And when *Arthur* wish'd and begg'd for death a thousand times in an hour, he comforted him, and pray'd him to bear his condition patiently; telling him, He did not think it the least trouble to wait on him, but did it freely, and with great satisfaction. One night *Arthur* dream'd he saw *Olivaires*'s Daughter breathe a Vein; and that, she sprinkling some of the Blood issued

fued from it on his Visage, and giving him more to drink, he was cured by the virtue of it. Whereupon he waken'd for joy; but then finding it only a Dream, he said nothing of it to *Olivaires*: The Virgin was of competent stature, and she also dream'd the same night she saw *Arthur* drinking of Blood out of a Bowl, and to be cur'd thereby; and she told it to her Mother. *Olivaires* one morning 'bout break of day see in a Dream a Lady drawing blood out of her Vein, and with it bathing *Arthur*, and also giving him of it to drink, and that he was cur'd thereby: The sight whereof wonderfully rejovc'd him; and the same morning told the Vision to *Arthur*. *Helena* from her Soul loving *Arthur*, as if he had been her own Brother, declareed also her Daughters Dream. *Arthur*, though secretly, had made his Vision known to the Doctor, who did assure him that Blood was his only remedy.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVI.

The Consult of the King, Olivaires, Helena, *and the Physicians*, *upon* Arthur's *Infirmity.*

WHen the King heard of every one's Dream, he knew for certain that *Clarisa's* Blood was to be the Medicine whereby *Arthur* must have relief. On the one hand he was dubious, on the other he was resolv'd; and having called *Olivaires*, *Helena*, and the Physicians, desirous he should recover, he enquired of them which was the most facil way to perform the Operation. On the one part *Olivaires* consented to the doing of it, for that he was his Brother; but was afflicted on the other, fearing it might endanger his Daughter's Life. *Helena* lamented the mishap. *Arthur* would rather have dy'd, than any hand should spill the least drop of his Neece's Blood; the Physicians knew not any way to take Blood from her without great hazard, and fear of harm to the

Dam-

Damſel: The King was ſorry he could not ſhed his own to ſerve him. *Olivaires* likewiſe would freely have bled; and *Helena* was troubled extreamly. Under theſe Difficulties his Royal Friends labour'd a whole day, and earneſtly recommended with Prayers themſelves, and their Caſe, unto God: At night, when *Helena* was about going to bed, ſhe with all humility kneel'd down on the Floor, and with a moſt ſincere heart made her application unto God, begging of him to inſtruct them how, without danger, or pain, to extract Blood from her young Daughter, inaſmuch as they were reſolved to free him of his Diſeaſe by that Remedy: Lo in the night a Lady arrayed all in pure white Silk, with a Crown of Gold upon her head, appear'd to the Royal Damſel, and with ſaying things that delighted her, and with winning Smiles and ſweetneſs, made gentle application, and lanced a vein of her right arm, and having ſaved the blood in a baſon

of

of Alabaſter, and healed the little oriſice, ſaid to her, you ſhall give this to *Arthur* to drink, and bathe alſo his Face with it. In the morning the thing being underſtood, the King and they all render'd thanks unto God, and publiſhed the Miracle, and Solemn Sacrifice was appointed. The Damſel in the morning, accompanied of her Mother, and alſo her Father, with all the Ladies, went unto *Arthur*, and bathed him with that ſame blood, and gave him thereof to drink, whereby in a moment he was ſeen to admiration to recover, and in a ſhort time was perfectly cured.

CHAP. LXVII.

After the reſtoring of Arthur *to his health, Cavaliers came out of* Spain *to compliment* Olivaires *as their Sovereign.*

WHen *Arthur* was well again, the rejoicing was no leſs than if he had ſtrictly riſen from the dead, and

and the world kept a Jubilee; his Subjects of *Ireland* came to compliment him upon, and with great joy congratulate his recovery. The same time also many Embassadors arrived from the Kingdom of *Spain*, to make demonstration of their mighty gladness for having found again their King, but withal expressing sorrow for the Queen's death, so that there was a necessity of declarations of sadness for *Arthur*'s sake; but when the Court was out of mourning, there came many Dukes, Lords and Knights, and begged of their Sovereign, King *Olivaires*, that he would be pleased to make happy with his presence his own Dominions; wherefore they all supplicated the King of *England* to give consent that *Olivaires*, *Helena*, and *Arthur*, might go for some days to their Realm. The King was pleased, and proffer'd to accompany them also himself; and having order'd the Carriages, Attendance, Treasure, and all other things to be in readiness, they took

took their progreſs for *Spain*. He who could relate the number of the Guards thoſe three Kings had, the Pages, Knights, and infinite Train that attended them, and alſo the Ladies, would be able to make the moſt ſtupendious Narrative that was ever heard. Only the Queen and her Daughter had two Courts of Knights and Ladies that equall'd the Stars of Heaven both for their number and their brightneſs. *Caſtile* having notice of the coming of ſo belov'd a Sovereign, and of his People ſo much deſired, made great Jubilee and Exultation; and the more, for that they underſtood they had for their Queen the Daughter of *England*; and that ſhe had alſo a Son and Daughter. The Feaſts, the Pomps, the Rejoicings, the Triumphs, the Juſtings and Turnaments were infinite; every where as they paſſed were ſuch great Feaſts and Entertainments made for them, as was poſſible to be prepared among ſuch hurry of joy and rapture.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVIII.

Olivaires *and* Helena *having enter'd* Caſtile, *are crowned.*

THeſe potent Princes were receiv'd in *Caſtile* with Pomp and Expences ineſtimable; and the third day, according as was before ordered, *Olivaires* and *Helena* were crowned King and Queen of that Kingdom. *Olivaires* was obliged to ſtay for ſome time in his Dominion, and *Arthur* alſo to go to his of *Dalgarve*; ſo the King of *England* was to return alone, which was ſomething melancholy to him, eſpecially he leaving alſo behind his Daughter. He returned then for *England*, however accompanied a good part of his way by many Dukes, Counts, Lords and Knights, and ſome went thorow with him into *England*. After that, *Arthur* being gone to his Kingdom to redreſs and put in order what ever he found amiſs; *Olivaires* like-

likewise gave great diligence to reform his State, to reward his Subjects, and caress all; and for the establishment of his Kingdom, and to demonstrate his great affection to King *Daigarve*, he determin'd to make Alliance with him, and that so strict, as the knot might be Gordian and indissolvable; so he and the Queen resolved to give him their Daughter *Clarissia* to Wife; the only seeming Obstacle was, that her years did not well suit his. In that pleasing thought then, and in other honourable Affairs and Diversions passing the time, at length one morning *Olivaires* and *Helena* in their Chamber, having bolted the door too, begun to take a view of all the Treasure that they had brought, and also that which they had found in the Kingdom; so having laid the Jewels to one side, and the Gold to another; and having put the Vestments of great value that way, and the to-be-admired heaps of Silver this: upon this they heard a violent thumping at the door, which on a sud-

den

den unbarr'd it, and made it fly open; and the White Knight who gave *Olivaires* the Victory at the Turnament, and who had delivered him out of so many troubles and distresses, appear'd in the middle of the Room in the twinkling of an eye; *Helena* knew it to be him of whom she had received the Ring; wherefore *Olivaires* and she most joyfully welcom'd him, and ran to embrace him, who then spoke in this manner.

CHAP. LXIX.

The Discourse of the White Cavalier; and what Olivaires *and* Helena *did.*

MOST Invincible King *Olivaires*, and you most Sacred Queen, I am come for that which upon your Royal Word you promised me, that is, the full half of all your Gains through my aid and assistance; and I came now, because you are going to gather

gather together all your ſeparated Treaſures. *Olivaires* made anſwer, It was but juſt, and very reaſonable it ſhould be ſo: Wherefore taking Cabinets of precious Stones, Veſſels of Gold, Silver, Raiment, he ſaid; I acknowledge to have had this Treaſure from you; lo! divide it as you pleaſe, for your Deſerts challenge as much. The Cavalier ſetting ſome things apart, ſaid, Of theſe I ſhall deſire no more; but of your remaining Acquiſition I muſt. *Olivaires* anſwered, And what further is your pleaſure, dear Sir? To have one of your Children, anſwered he; for to me appertains the half of whatever you have got. Ah me! ſaid *Helena*, Take all the Treaſure before you for reward, and leave me my Son. I ſhall not do it, ſubjoined the Knight. Then ſaid *Olivaires*, I put ſo much confidence in this honourable Perſonage, that my Son ſhall be his; for he is able better to educate and gratify him than I could do, though his own Father. I

do not know what I ſhall do, ſaid the Cavalier; but let him come, for he is mine. *Olivaires*, though his Heart ſwelled as was fit to break, for having promiſed, yet would not he recede from his Duty; and cauſing his *Henry* to come, he took him by the Hand, and gave him as a Booty to the Cavalier. When *Helena* beheld her ſelf robbed of her Son, ſhe ſet up a loud Cry, and a violent and extream Lamentation. Then the Cavalier turning to *Olivaires*, ſaid, I who have ſo faithfully ſerved you, have inriched you, and ſaved your life; Am I for this ſo diſcourteouſly rewarded with the ſhare, that according to compact belongs unto me? But now go, for I further require, and will alſo have, either for Love or by Force, the half of the Queen; and quickly take thy Sword and divide her, and give me my Right; for I ſhall demand of thee no other than juſt and reaſonable Things; otherwiſe thou ſhalt experience my Strength and Valour,

and

and what Ability and Proweſs I can exert.

CHAP. LXX.

The Intreaties of Olivaires; *and the Anſwer the White Cavalier gives him.*

THE big Words of the Cavalier created mighty dread in the Breaſt of *Olivaires*; and *Helena* was ready to fall down in a ſwoon for Grief about her Son; and greatly trembled alſo by reaſon of his threats, for fear of Death. Wherefore *Olivaires*, turning to the Knight, ſaid, Dear Sir, It is true that I promiſed you the half of my Acquiſts, but not ſo of what I ſhould Procreate: However, for that I know you faithful, I have not replied one word for the having my Son again. But ſhe whom the God of Heaven hath ordained for my Wife, and hath joyned us together, Ought ſhe to be divided from

me, and her ſelf too, with the Sword? Is it not written, *Whom God hath joined together, let not man put aſunder?* I tell thee, *Olivaires*, thou oughteſt not to diminiſh my ſhare: For had not I made thee Conqueror, by furniſhing thee with Horſes, Men and Arms, thou hadſt never got the Lady. I will have it ſo, and make no more reply, that I turn not thy happy ſtate into a ſad one; quickly give me half. *Olivaires* ſeeing his reſolvedneſs, turn'd to *Helena*, and ſaid; Alas! my dear Life, how ſhall I be able to ſuſtain ſuch a ſorrow? how ſhall I wound her who is my very heart? why hath Fortune brought me to this Dilemma? On the other part, *Helena*, as if beſides her ſelf, remain'd half dead, nor heard *Olivaires*'s words; and ſhe run thorough all the ſad Accidents had happen'd in her life-time, and with dolorous complaint gave moſt hideous ſobbings: Set me at liberty quickly, ſaid the Cavalier, and detain me not in this place: You ſhould have conſidered of

it

it before you promiſed, and not now ſeek delays to augment your ſorrow; you give me nothing but what is my own. *Olivaires* embracing and kiſſing his Lady nigh dead already, purpoſing to obſerve his Word, of a ſudden draws forth his Sword, and raiſes high his Arm for a terrible cleaving ſtroke over the Head of the fair and divine *Helena*, the ſplendor of the World, that innocent Blood, and pure Soul: But the Cavalier haſtily held his Arm, and cry'd out, I have enough of thee, my deareſt Brother, no more, I am ſatiſfi'd; and would not indure he ſhould ſlay the Flower and Queen of all Beauties of the World: At which awful Cry *Helena* look'd up, as from a Trance, and ſeeing the Cavalier careſſing *Olivaires*, ſhe took comfort: What followed you ſhall hear in ſhort, and the Concluſion, according to Ancient Hiſtories.

CHAP. LXXI.

The Gift the Cavalier gave Olivaires.

YOU have given me however, happy Couple, your Son, and your Treasure; lo, I restore you him again: For over-insupportable are the dolours which are felt for Children, and the nine months grievings of a Mother, while she bears her Infant in the Womb. I very well know what powerful influence Fidelity has on thy breast, since thou hast not shunn'd to wound thy Soul, to maintain thy faithful Promise. O *Olivaires*, the Deity prosper thee, the Deity bless thee, the Deity increase thy State, thy Kingdom, and propagate thy Seed eternally. Surely thou art worthy of Universal Empire, thou art full of all goodness, and all noble indowments of mind do appear, and are resplendant in all thy Actions. *Olivaires* taking assurance by reason of the Gift receiv'd,

ceiv'd, and *Helena* having recover'd her fainting Spirits, seeing her Son before her face return'd to her desire, they undertook to demand of the Cavalier, that of love he would be pleased to manifest himself unto them: And by that Power that created the Heavens and the Earth, they begged of him, he would permit them to know to whom they were so strangely obliged. O *Olivaires*, I am that Master *John Talbot*, I am that Cavalier whom thou didst conduct to his Native Country; that Gentleman I am, whom being excommunicated for a large Debt, thou didst at thy own Expences, discharging the Sum, cause to be re-blessed, and have Christian burial. God, for such Charity, Brotherly love, and thy goodness, did command me to do such kindnesses for the Possessor of so honest an heart. He delivered thee in all thy Distresses; he at length hath tried, and fully known that precious Soul which he has given thee: That Elemosinary

Pity which thou ſhew'd unto me, ſhall alſo prepare thee a Manſion in the Heavens. My giving the Black Habit, ſignify'd my being in the ſtate of damnation; the Red Livery intimated the ardent Fire of Purgatory, which hath purged away my ſins; the White Veſtment manifeſted the Celeſtial Country which was opened unto me. I ſerved thee therefore with Arms, Horſes, and Men; I directed *Arthur* to the place, and made him take thee out of Priſon: At that inſtant I ſeized the City; I gave the Lion for a Companion to *Arthur*, who killed the Monſter, and who fought like an Army in the Campaign. I healed his Wound, I gave the Ring of the King thy Father to *Helena*, and I begged of the Lady to act with hers for giving thee her to Wife: Therefore thou haſt had every thing through me; but acknowledge all from God as the Author; And let each of you render infinite thanks unto him, who hath delivered you out of ſo great Afflictions, and who

who for the future will fill your hearts with joy and gladneſs. All theſe words ſpoke the Cavalier; and at laſt being ſurrounded with a Divine Splendor, ſaid, Peace be with you, fare you well; for I mount to Eternal Life; and vaniſhed.

CHAP. LXXII.

The King and Queen pay their gratitude unto God; *and of the coming of the King of* Dalgarve, *with the Eſpouſals of* Clariſia.

THE King and Queen rendered infinite thanks to Almighty God, ever amazed and admiring at ſo ſtrange a matter, and terrible Accident as had befall'n them; and they ordered that a ſolemn Thankſgiving ſhould be made throughout the whole Kingdom unto the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. *Arthur* having in this time ſetled his Realm of *Dalgarve*, went to the

Court of *Olivaires*, his Brother-in-Law, where he could never enough ſatisfy himſelf with looking on *Clariſia*, both for her Beauty and Behaviour; and in conſideration that it was her Blood out of her own Veins that had cur'd him, for which he every day gave thanks unto God. One day *Olivaires* call'd to him, and ſaid, My Brother, who art ever in my heart, and who haſt done ſo much for me, I much deſire that you ſhould marry, if you fancy ſuch a ſtate. I like your Majeſty's Propoſal very well, reply'd *Arthur*; but whom may you beſtow upon me? whom might it be convenient that you ſhould give me? my *Clariſia*, who hath ſaved your life; ſhe ſhall be your right Eye, your Soul, and dear Companion; for by your good deeds and carriages towards me, you have deſerved her. And as they were deſigning to make this Alliance, four Lords came poſt from *England* to ſignify to *Olivaires*, that the King had been ſeiz'd with an Apoplexy, whereof he

he died in a day's time; which news made a melancholy Court, and they all went into mourning: The Funeral was ordered, and the ſolemn Ceremonies duly performed. After ſome time the Nuptials of *Arthur* and *Clariſia* were concluded on, and all things prepared and fitted for the celebration; and *Arthur* was crowned King of *England* by *Olivaires*: The report whereof ſpread ſuddenly all over the Realm. Whereupon Counts, Knights, and Barons came to the Feaſts, and Juſts, and all the Cities ſent to make congratulation; then after a convenient time's ſtay, *Arthur* went to *England*, and gave the Government of *Dalgarve* to his Natural Son, and conſtituted him Vice-roy, a perſon of a gentle, virtuous, valiant, and admirable Genius.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Arthur *King of* England *goes to* London, *and* Henry *is made Commander of an Army againſt the Infidels.*

HE who would have taken a true eſtimate of the love between *Olivaires* and *Arthur*, ſhould have been preſent to ſee their parting when he went from *Spain*. For I believe his heart was well nigh burſt with ſorrow; and *Helena* ſeeing her Daughter go away, was fill'd with extream grief; at laſt they took leave, and departed with a great, comely, and honourable Train. A few days after, an Embaſſy from the King of *Cyprus* arrived to *Olivaires* to demand Aid of him againſt the Enemies of the Catholick Faith; and *Olivaires* deſigned to go ſuddenly himſelf in perſon for ſuch an Enterprize: But his young Son *Henry* hearing of it, begged of his Father to leave the conduct and management of his

his Forces to him, for that he desired to get a name, and honourable repute among famous Cavaliers; which favour, though with difficulty, he obtained. Having made him then General Royal, he gave him Twenty five thousand well armed Men: and when he had put them all in right order, and had made ready their Ammunition, and all things necessary for the War, and their March, he departed for *Cyprus*: 'Twas a grand affliction to *Helena* to see her self deprived of both her Children at once: At his going away, a great number of *Spanish* Cavaliers accompanied him, and some went with him to *Cyprus*; others joined with him in battel, and assisted him. When Prince *Henry* was arrived in the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, he united his with the other Army, and with mighty fury fell on the Enemy, and got a glorious Victory. Wherefore all following and adhering to him as a prudent and valorous Prince, he resolved to give them a total rout, and

destroy

destroy them all, and take many Countries before he made his return into *Spain*. The news of this his so successful first Attempt was brought to *Olivaires* and *Helena*, which wonderfully pleased them, and rejoyced the whole Kingdom.

CHAP. LXXIV.

Arthur's *Entry into* England; *and of the Feasts, Triumphs, and other Justings made for the Nuptials; and of a Rebellion of the Kingdom.*

WHEN King *Arthur* made his Entry into *England*, a thousand Lances, and a thousand Men on Horseback all clad in Silk, came to meet him. Cavaliers, Counts, Marquesses, and an infinite number of Knights and Gentlemen received and attended on him with his Consort *Clarissia*; and they admired her for being the Daughter of so beautiful a Lady,

the

the Daughter of one of their Kings; and fancied they had got *Helena* again, ſo much ſhe reſembled her: Thither to the Nuptials, was concourſe of all the moſt valiant Knights that were in the whole Kingdom, and infinite Turney and Juſting they made; and many days the Court was abroad. After that, *Arthur* was publickly inaugurated; and with the aſſiſtance of Excellent Counſellors he put in good order his whole ſtate, and diſpoſed every thing for the beſt; it pleaſed God that *Clariſia* conceived, and at the due time brought forth a lovely Boy, and they gave him the name of the late King of *England*. Now the fame of this Foreign Heir of the Kingdom beginning to ſpread wide, certain Princes were moved with envy at his great Felicity; and inviting the *Iriſh* Kings to their aſſiſtance, they cauſed a part of the State to riſe in rebellion. Wherefore *Arthur* was forced upon a new Adventure, who thought he enjoy'd the Kingdom in perfect peace. Fitting

then

then as many Forces as he judged ſufficient to repreſs the inſolence of his Subjects, he went on the Deſign. The Duke of *Gloceſter* headed the Rebels; for being Couſin to the old King, he imagin'd he had ſo ſome Title to the Crown. *Arthur* engaging Battel with him, in few days ſpace deſtroyed the whole Army; and taking the Duke Priſoner, he would have ſlain him; but he begging of him for the Lineage ſake of which he was deſcended, he gave him his Life, and ſet him at liberty; and he renounced all his Pretences to the Realm of *England*; but within a few days died of grief. *Arthur* returning, after lived in peace and quietneſs; and was bleſſed with a Daughter, who prov'd an occaſion of an Illuſtrious Alliance, for maintaining the Tranquillity of the State.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXV.

The Alliance Arthur *made with his Daughter by the Counsel of* Olivaires, *and of his Son* Henry.

Olivaires having understood of *Arthur*'s Journey, proffered him supply of Men and Horses; but *Arthur* had no need of any. Hearing afterward of his Victory, he made great Rejoicing: And having knowledge of the Nativity of his Daughter, he writ to him to seek to contract Alliance with some potent Prince, that his State might not be in fear of War, or Rebellion any more. Wherefore calling together his Council, he read to them *Olivaires*'s Letter; who all approved of his Advice, and so designed to make trial on the King of *Portugal*. And when some Months had passed, Ambassadors were sent to treat of the Match; and it was concluded that *Arthur*'s Daughter should be

be given to the King of *Portugal*'s Eldeſt Son, who was a few Years elder than her; and the Dowry was referred to *Olivaires*'s Determining. Now *Arthur*'s Son being dead, who governed for him the State of *Dalgarve*, *Olivaires* Arbitrated that the Kingdom of *Dalgarve* ſhould be given in Dowry to the King of *Portugal*: Wherefore that State hath ever ſince continued under the Juriſdiction of the *Portugueſe* Crown. *Arthur* was much troubled for the loſs of his Son; but bore it the better, for that his Legitimate Daughter ſucceeded him. So in fit time, according as Hiſtories write, ſhe went to her Husband. *Arthur*'s Son growing up, imitated his Father's Valour and all his Vertues; which gave mighty Content and Satisfaction to *Olivaires* alſo, who was continually inquiring after him. *Henry*, *Olivaires*'s Son, gave alſo conſent to this Alliance, to whom Meſſengers were ordered, who found him in his Camp before a ſtrongly fortified City;

City; and he had already conquered and taken many; and he kindly received them; and they returned satisfied. *Arthur* understanding the great Soul and Proweſs of *Henry*, was infinitely delighted; and did by Letters much Congratulate, on his account, his Brother *Olivaires*; who lived in great Pleaſure by continual hearing of his Son's brave and honourable Exploits.

CHAP. LXXVI.

Of an infirmity happening to Olivaires; *and of* Henry *who was aſſaulted, and almoſt ſlain, whom* Arthur *goes to recover.*

Olivaires by reaſon of uninterrupted Harraſſings and Fatigues in his Youth, and alſo his ſo many Months Impriſonment in *Ireland*, in Age became more ſenſible of his before better ſupported Miſhaps and Afflictions,

flictions, and their ſculking Effects, and waiting an Advantage, proved over-match for his infirm Years, and ſo he muſt truckle under their ſevere Preſſure. His Stomach then is become ſo infeebled, that nothing that he eats will Digeſt with him; and he is tormented with continual and intolerable pain in his Head; and unto his Malady, and to increaſe his Grief, an unlucky Accident was added; which was, That his Son *Henry* puſhing forward with ſome Cavaliers, more couragiouſly than their Strength and Ability to come off well could ſecond, was thruſt into the throng and main of his Enemies; from whence it was impoſſible, without great difficulty and hazard, to ſave himſelf, and get back to his Army again; ſo that, as was thought, he was mortally Wounded. When *Olivaires* heard this ill News, he writ to *Arthur* to deſire him to go and relieve his Nephew; who did not ſtand to make much Preparation, but with a

Choice

Choice and Valiant Detachment march'd away. This gave ſome ſatisfaction to *Olivaires*, reckoning himſelf was there in Perſon if *Arthur* were. When *Arthur* arrived, he found *Henry* very bad; however he gave notice to *Olivaires*, that it was much better with him; and taking extraordinary care of him, he in a few days ſee him well again. In the mean time the Enemy-Army felt the Forces of *Arthur*, who oft vigorouſly aſſaulted them, and with a vaſt Deſtruction made Mountains of the ſlain. When *Henry* was recovered, *Arthur* returned and went ſpeedily to give his *Olivaires* a Viſit, who was much afflicted with his infirmity. *Helena* was mightily overjoy'd at his coming; and ſhe perceived that *Arthur*'s preſence did ſomewhat recruit *Olivaires*. *Arthur* diſcourſed to him the whole Matter concerning *Henry*; ſpoke of the Beauty of his Daughter, and by degrees gave him an account of his Son, how as he grew up he imitated

imitated *Olivaires* in all Noble and Virtuous Indowments of Mind. And having reſted for ſome Days, with his honourable Cavaliers, he return'd into *England* to enjoy his Rich and Beautiful State and Nation.

CHAP. LXXVII.

What is Recorded by Engliſh *Hiſtorians*, Spaniſh, *and others, concerning theſe Kings.*

HEnry conquered many and many Countries, and at laſt died Fighting for Holy Mother Church; a true doubly Militant Son and Member thereof. The ſame foreſaid infirmity, after a long Life, brought *Olivaires* to his Grave: When he died *Helena* took on ſo ſadly, that ſhe alſo Expired on *Olivaires*'s Face; and they were both Buried together. *Arthur* was Crowned King of *Caſtile*; and his Son Married, and had Children; and

and ſo likewiſe had his Daughter: So for many Years flouriſhed the Fame of all theſe mighty Kings. But the Heavens, which give an end to every thing, not to the Grandees only, but to us who have writ this preſent Hiſtory, and alſo ſhall to all the Readers thereof, bring our deſtined Periods about, that after the Fatigue of a miſerable Pilgrimage we may find ſome Quietude; and that leaving behind them for a time, but not long, the (yet) mortal Garments Nature accommodated them with, our Spirits may return into the Hands of the Lord who gave them, of him to receive Good or Evil, Rewards or Puniſhments, according as we have deſerved and behaved our ſelves. Let us therefore make humble requeſt unto the Almighty, with ſincere and cordial Affections, that he would pleaſe to look on his Mercy, not our Merit, his Grace, not our Works; and that for thoſe he would bring us unto, and make us Partakers of his

Kingdom,

Kingdom, that which is not Transitory, that which no Tyrant, how potent soever, can usurp or molest; that wherein no Vice dwells, which none can enter or approach, wherein no wicked Persons have share, place or residence, which they may not (unless to increase their Torment) behold; but where have their Source and Origin, where for ever are Nourished, where for evermore Inhabit, are Secure and Established, Goodness, Vertue, Wisdom, Peace and Felicity, through him who is all these Supreamly and Essentially: And that he would bestow these also upon us whilst in this World; to the end, that washed and purified from the pollution of Sin, we may joyfully go hence to enjoy, revere and adore Him, and Face to Face eternally gaze on the Beatifick Vision. *Amen.*

FINIS.